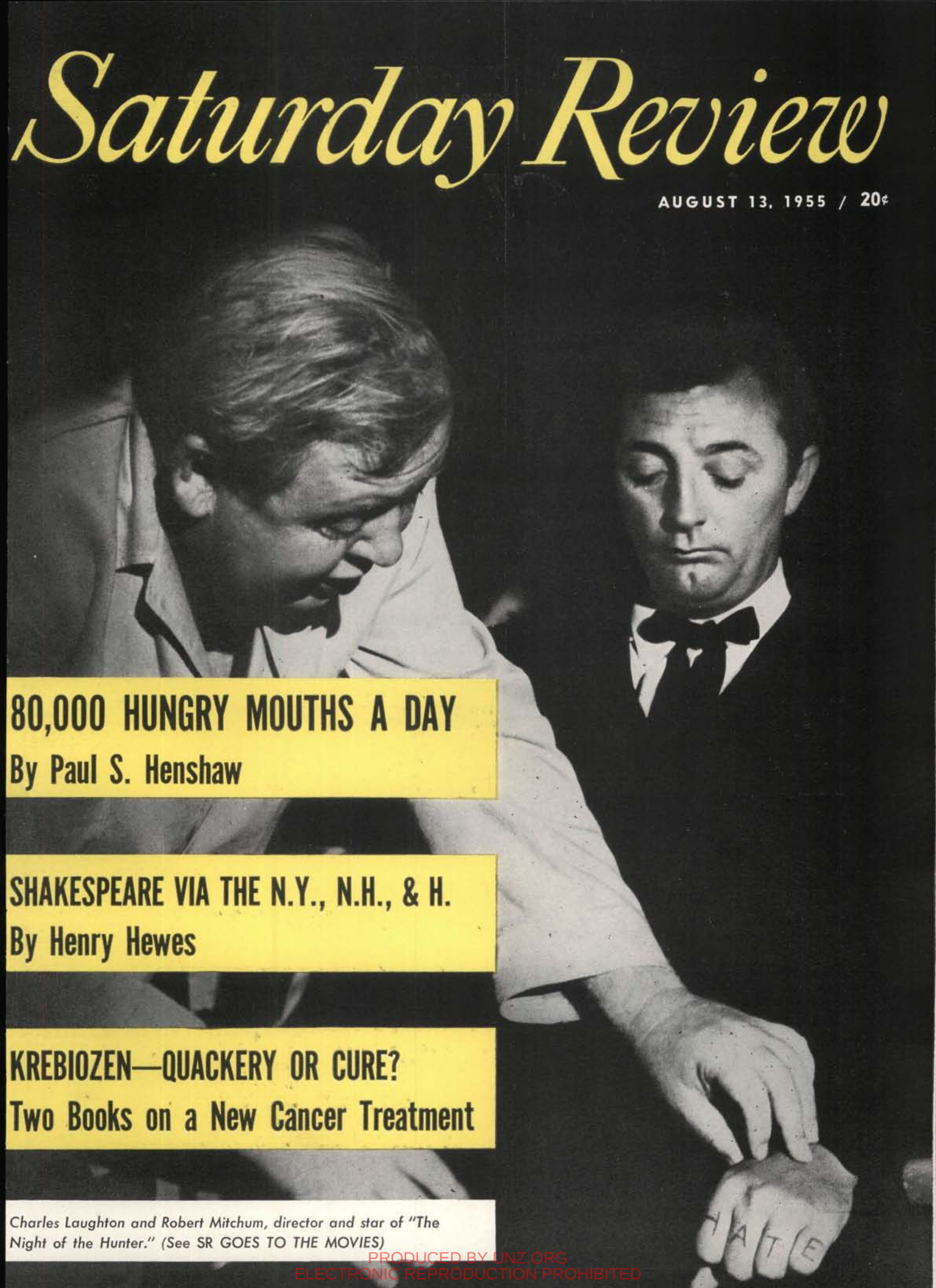
Saturday Review

AUGUST 13, 1955 / 20¢



80,000 HUNGRY MOUTHS A DAY
By Paul S. Henshaw

SHAKESPEARE VIA THE N.Y., N.H., & H.
By Henry Hewes

KREBIOZEN—QUACKERY OR CURE?
Two Books on a New Cancer Treatment

Charles Laughton and Robert Mitchum, director and star of "The Night of the Hunter." (See SR GOES TO THE MOVIES)

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Award-winning photographs will again be featured in THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 7, 1956, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. A page is devoted to each month of the year, and each of these pages will be dominated by one of the award-winning pictures. The Grand Prize winner will be reproduced on the cover of the January 7th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

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Ivan Dmitri—leading color and magazine photographer.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Joseph Costa—Chairman of the Board, National Press Photographers Association, and Chief Photographer, King Features Syndicate.

Read THE SATURDAY REVIEW regularly for additional Award news.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white. Each week, starting in an early issue, the outstanding photographs of the week will be published in THE SATURDAY REVIEW along with the latest news of the Awards.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1955. Send your entries on or before that date to:

PHOTO AWARDS

The Saturday Review

25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winner prefer some other trip than the one outlined above, its equivalent for one or two persons to any points served by Pan American World Airways can be arranged on request.

*Trade Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, Pan American World Airways, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1954, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10, unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name, age, and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No black and white prints from color transparencies will be accepted. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Original mounted color *transparencies* must be submitted (preferably mounted in metal or cardboard, not glass).

b. Color prints are not eligible.

c. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and should be written directly on each mount.

d. Color stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. Transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white prints and/or six color transparencies to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS DEPARTMENT. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1955, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWELVE PICTURES, SIX IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black-and-white pictures and color transparencies become the property of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, Publisher

The Saturday Review

AUGUST 13, 1955

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SR/IDEAS

7 80,000 Hungry Mouths a Day, by Paul S. Henshaw

17 The Great Krebiozen Mystery
An Essay-Review by John Haverstick

18 How Average Is the *SR* Average?: An Editorial

20 Shakespeare *via* the N.Y., N.H., & H., by Henry Hewes

SR/BOOKS

9 John Dewey, edited by Irwin Edman
Reviewed by Brand Blanshard

10 Reflections on the Failure of Socialism, by Max Eastman
Reviewed by Charles Frankel

10 Looking Beyond, by Lin Yutang
Reviewed by Edmund Fuller

11 Nightmares of Eminent Persons and Other Stories, by Bertrand Russell
Reviewed by William Peden

11 The Tree of Man, by Patrick White
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst

12 The Walker and Other Stories, by Patrick O'Brian
Reviewed by Oliver La Farge

13 China Under Communism, by Richard L. Walker
Reviewed by Harold H. Fisher

14 No Flies in China, by George Stafford Gale
Reviewed by Kenneth Scott Latourette

15 The Pick of the Paperbacks
Compiled by Thomas E. Cooney

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 Trade Winds, by Alan Green

16 Literary Crypt

19 Letters to the Editor

21 *SR* Goes to the Movies, by Hollis Alpert

22 Music to My Ears, by Whitney Balliett

23 TV and Radio, by Goodman Ace

24 Literary IQ

26 Ideas on Film, by Cecile Starr

28 Booked for Travel, by Horace Sutton

35 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1116

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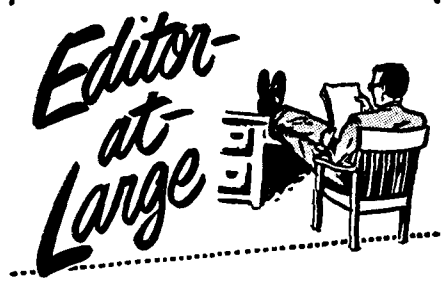

I was making a survey the other day about the choice of books for "hammock reading," when I turned up the interesting fact that people aren't reading in hammocks any more.

So I switched my inquiry from "what" to "where" people read in the summer, and I learned that readers these days like to get out of the shade and into the sun, where they can tan their bodies while cooling their minds.

It's true that those I talked to lived around New York City, but among them were persons from places like Santa Barbara, South Bend and Syracuse, and none of them had ever read in hammocks or known anyone who had.

Perhaps we're in the midst of a cultural revolution, a changeover from "hammock reading" to "beach chair reading." I'd be interested in knowing your experience in this important matter, and I'll be glad to pass along the information to the authors of "The Lonely Crowd."

Meanwhile, regardless of where people read this summer, it's certain that a large proportion of them are reading Lionel Shapiro's novel, "The Sixth of June," a story about an American soldier and a British girl, which comes to a dramatic conclusion during the invasion of France.

Written by a Canadian, it contains some affectionate and perceptive comments on British-American relations, as well as some of the smoothest reading I've seen in many a day.

Get a copy for your summer reading place, and, whether you're in a hammock or not, you'll definitely be in the swing.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Sixth of June," by Lionel Shapiro ($3.95) is the latest Book-of-the-Month Club selection. "The Lonely Crowd" is available in a 95¢ Anchor Books Edition. Both are published by Doubleday & Company, and may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including the one at 526 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Correspondence on "hammock reading" should be addressed to L. L. Day, Dept. S, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 575 Madison Ave., New York 22.

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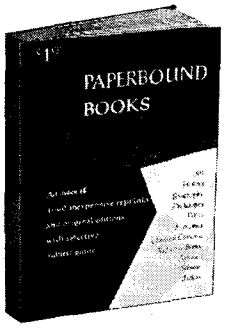

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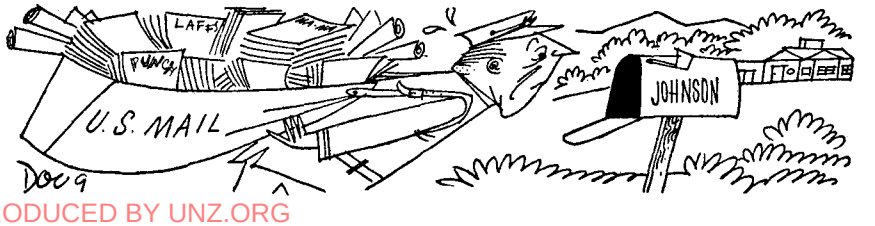
TRADE Winds

THESE COLUMNS ARE WRITTEN some weeks before they appear. This one is being written on a Saturday morning in July, less than an hour after reading the sad news that Joseph Henry Jackson, book reviewer of *The San Francisco Chronicle,* had suddenly died. Before these words are published many and far more adequate tributes will have been paid to Joe. Nevertheless . . . Joe was in the very top company of daily book reviewers. His literary judgment was nearly impeccable; his reviewing style a delight. Not only on the West Coast, but throughout the whole country he has seemed indispensable, and at this moment of shocking loss he seems irreplaceable. Everybody in publishing and everybody on publishing's fringes knew Joe. I have never met a single person who did not admire and profoundly respect him. One looked forward to his visits to New York; to a dinner, or a lunch, or at least a drink with him. There were few with whom you could have better book talk, but Joe's interests ranged far beyond those of the reviewer. Joe was an author in his own right and an anthologist. Perhaps his favorite subject was true crime. His detailed knowledge of Crippen, of Hall-Mills, of Elwell—of all the classic solved and unsolved cases—put him in a class with Edmund Pearson, William Roughhead, Alexander Woollcott, and William Bolitho. I do not know what Joe's beliefs concerning a hereafter may have been, but—if it turns out that now, some hours after his death, he has discovered that there is a hereafter—I suspect that he has already hunted up Joseph B. Elwell, taken him off to a corner, and said, "Now about that June morning in 1920. You were upstairs in your bedroom when the doorbell rang and you went down and opened the door. Off the record, Mr. Elwell, who *was* standing there?"

AT SIXTY, JOSEPH JACKSON DIED well before his time. A gentleman who is deservedly living well beyond the specified three-score-and-ten is Sir Max Beerbohm. Long retired, Beerbohm resides in Rapallo and has several times been visited by S. N. Behrman, who is writing Beerbohm's profile, presumably for *The New Yorker.* Pat Covici tells me that Behrman, in America between Italian visits, was talking to Edmund Wilson and that Wilson expressed a desire to meet Beerbohm. On his next trip Behrman told Beerbohm of Wilson's wish. Beerbohm sighed, considered his eighty-three years, and murmured, "Don't you think he'd better hurry?"

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE A WRITER, wishing to produce a book with minimum effort, considers turning out an anthology. It sounds so easy: merely a proper selection of material and a not-too-long introduction. To any writer now so minded I pass along the following statistics gathered from Lucy and Pyke Johnson, who will be represented on Doubleday's fall list with "A Cartoon Treasury." This volume will attempt to round up the best cartoons from all over the world. Would-be anthologists should consider the following and think twice before beginning. In "Cartoon Treasury" 107 magazines from twenty different countries are represented. Most of these are weeklies and the Johnsons perused all of them regularly for fifteen months. If 75 per cent of these publications were weekly and 25 per cent were monthly then the Johnsons had to go through 5,605 issues to complete their task. Moreover, many of the magazines were neither American nor English and so they had the problem of translating—or obtaining translations of—captions from French, from German, from Portuguese, from Dutch, from Japanese, from Scandinavian. See what I mean? Pyke is quite modest about the effort he and Lucy expended, claiming that the real hero of this titantic task was a gentleman named Stanley—their postman in Riverside, Connecticut. After all, Stanley had to deliver those magazines for fifteen months. Johnson says that they thought of dedicating the book to Stanley. All very well, but



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who is going to pay for Stanley's hernia operation?

BILL COLE OF KNOPF SEEMS to be getting into this column with fair frequency. I think deservedly so, because Bill is one of the wittiest guys in publishing. Depending entirely upon your response to puns you will either adore (as I do) or shriek with anguish at this quatrain which he wrote a while back as the result of reading a certain mountain-climbing book:

Poem, Neither Hilláryous Norgay

The Sherpa gasped out as they
mounted the slope;
"Our troubles are only com-
mencing!"
Said Sir Edmund, "You're tired
and nervous; relax—
You'll nEverest if you're Tensing."

WHEN EDWARD MURROW VISITED Amy Vanderbilt on "Person to Person" we all learned that a new variety of rose had just been given her name. Subsequently I learned from Amy that this was one of the relatively few instances when a rose was named for an individual. Usually, she tells me, they are given such names as *Pinocchio, Spartan, Blaze,* etc. She also told me that rose growers shy away from naming their species after political figures. Political figures may fade or fall into disfavor and a rosegrower doesn't want his beauty tied down to anything so transient. Amy further tells me that, once a rose is named, the name may never be changed; the name is registered and patented, and it is considered quite unethical to take a rose which turns out to be ill-named and give it a sweeter-smelling label. Evidently the Jackson and Perkins people, who patented the new *Amy Vanderbilt,* feel quite safe in giving her name to it. After all the Amy Vanderbilt etiquette book has just gone to press for an additional 35,000 copies, bringing the total in print to 335,000. And presently an Amy Vanderbilt book of etiquette for teenagers will be published. Amy clearly is now established as a permanent pillar of social convention. From Post to pillar?

I am indebted to Amy for the following anecdote. She says that a rather elegant looking woman recently went into a bookstore and asked to buy a gift book for an elderly, conservative gentleman. The clerk, feeling this was a case for a classic, brought out "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Natural Son." The woman said *that* book would never do. "Why not?" asked the sales girl. "He would be quite shocked by this title," responded the woman. "You see," she added, "he has a *natural* son."

—Alan Green.

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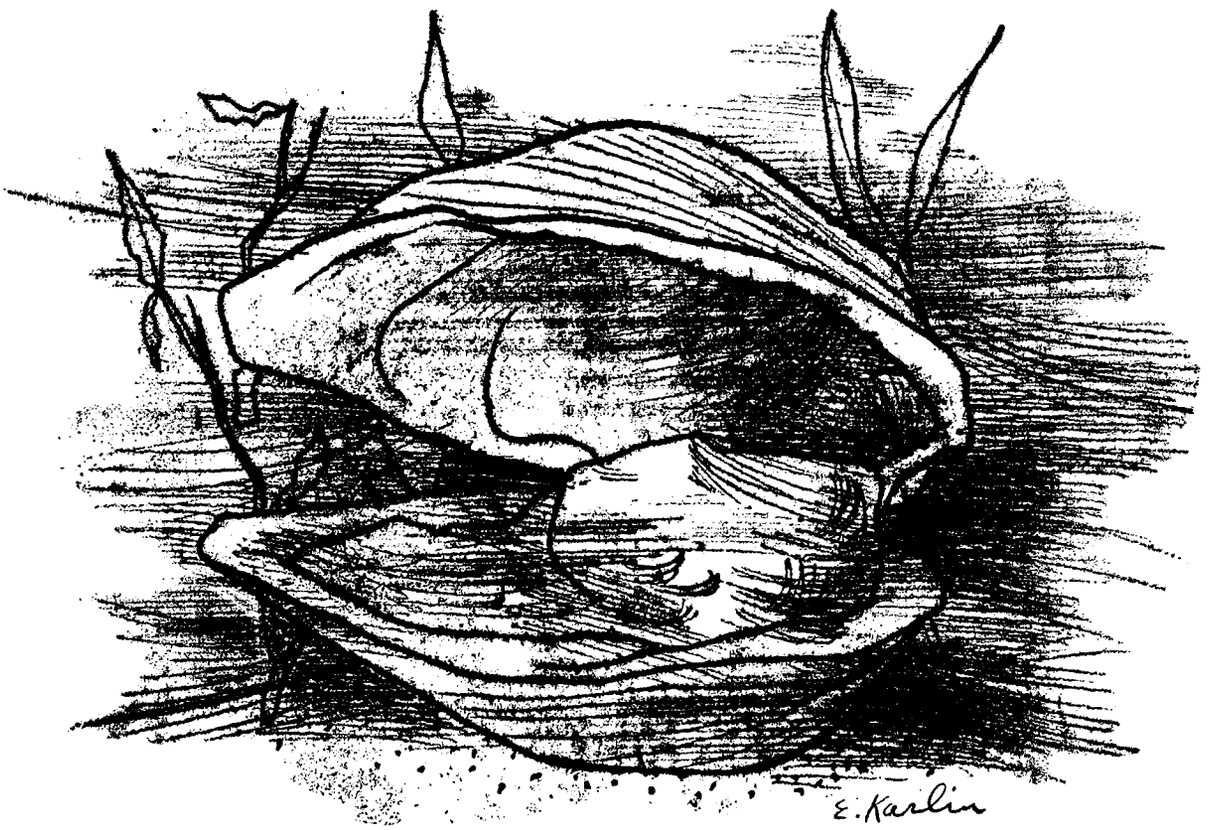

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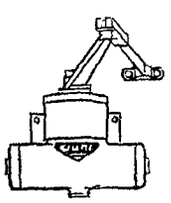

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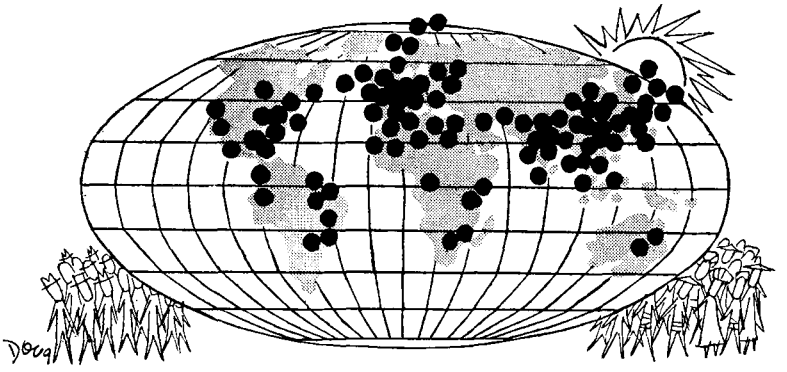
80,000 HUNGRY MOUTHS A DAY



EDITOR'S NOTE: During the first innings of man's sojourn on Earth the forces of Nature—saber-toothed tigers, hurricanes, impenetrable jungles, and germs—conspired to cut him down to size. Then man's ingenuity gained a certain ascendancy over the rest of Nature and began to protect his body and his community from many fatal accidents—a safeguarding enormously accelerated by the Industrial Revolution. Now the darkest danger to man is another man plus an automobile or an H-bomb. But our success in saving ourselves is greater than we bargained for; the world's population is now proliferating more or less out of control. Is there enough food? Are our political structures adequate for vast masses of humanity? The upcoming book "Adaptive Human Fertility" (McGraw-Hill), by Paul S. Henshaw, from which the present article is taken, explains the desperate and growing plight of many of the world's peoples, and—in addition—presents the principles by which population control can be achieved. Dr. Henshaw is an experimental biologist who worked on the Manhattan Project, and is at present executive director of the National Committee on Maternal Health.

By PAUL S. HENSHAW

IN ONE way or another, matters of fertility touch almost every phase of human life—man's interpretation of his place in nature's scheme of things, his system of ethical values, his personal conduct, his family pattern, the national welfare, the world peace. Through time no vital process has influenced more aspects of human life more significantly than the production of young. World population is now 2.5 billion. As the annual rate of increase is about 1.2 per cent annually, there appear on the earth each year more than 30,000,000 additional mouths to be fed—more than 80,000 each day. Never before have there been so many people on the earth; never before has the number been increasing so rapidly; never before have demands for resources been so great. But that no species can multiply without limit is axiomatic. And Man, for all his superior qualities, is no exception to this rule of nature.

In the growth of human populations one finds the same general features as are found in all growth processes. First, there is the maximum reproductive rate, which is determined by the age when reproduction begins (about fifteen years), the nine-month gestation period plus the time to become pregnant again, the length of female reproductive life (about thirty years), and the total length of life (about sixty-eight years on the average in the United States). Second, there is the compounding factor which consists of the increased rate of population growth due to the reproductive activity of the newer increments which are constantly being added to the total population. Third, there is the environmental resistance factor, involving availability of food, resources, diseases, etc., plus a new kind of environmental feature, which we shall call the *human-intelligence factor*. The intelligence factor is of greater significance in the human species than in any other, involving as it does elements such as education, public health, and systems of ethics. All these, in one way or another, act either to retard or to stimulate reproduction. The human-intelligence factor so far as the growth mechanism is concerned functions as an integral part of the general environmental factor.

Birth rates vary from a low of nineteen per thousand population in Northwest Central Europe to forty-three in Africa and Asia; the figure for the United States and Canada is twenty-five. Death rates vary from a low of ten per thousand in the United States to a high of thirty-three in Near Eastern Asia. There is a net

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gain of births over deaths in all regions of the world, varying from a low of 0.7 per cent for Northwest Central Europe to a high of 2.3 per cent for Latin America.

When populations were smaller and people lived as tribes or clans war, famine, and disease were dominant factors. By taking a few hundred or a few thousand lives they might wipe out significant portions of a group—sometimes the entire group. Now that populations have become much larger loss of a few thousand lives constitutes a very small reduction in terms of percentage. The Second World War, for example, took a toll of 407,800 lives of United States citizens. Yet, since the United States population at that time was approximately 150 million, the loss was less than three-tenths of 1 per cent of the total population. The First World War took a total of 8.5 million lives in the world as a whole—an enormous number of people. With the world population at that time about 2 billion, the loss was only four-tenths of 1 per cent of the total. The concurrent influenza epidemic claimed 6 million lives. The two together were not enough to change the world population as much as 1 per cent.

Mass death is so horrifying that we tend to lose perspective and attribute to it a greater significance than actual figures warrant. Thus, the traffic death toll in the United States of more than 35,000 per year is shocking to our sensibilities, and the deaths caused by storms frighten us. With respect to affecting population behavior, however, such losses are almost inconsequential. With replenishment from births contributed by whole populations, and with a population now so enormously large, growth progressions are well buffered against changes which might result from catastrophic loss of life in localized regions or in a limited segment of the population.

In a similar way, public-health programs designed to remove endemic infectious diseases have affected whole populations, and in a lasting manner. Industrialization stimulated birth rates and the public-health programs reduced death rates, but the results were the same so far as net population growth was concerned; in each instance it was increased.

Consider a net population gain of 1 per cent per year. It is obvious that if no other factors are operating the addition of one individual each year for each 100 people would make the population double in 100 years. But, as has been previously described, the new individuals added also participate in reproduction, thus causing a compounding effect and reducing the time required for doubling. Of course, population growth rates differ markedly throughout the world, varying from a high of 3.37 per cent annual increase in El Salvador to an actual decrease in Ireland (see chart at left).

A point of special interest is that if the present rates of increase continue population in a group of larger countries (Mexico, Egypt, Argentina, Brazil, Australia, Turkey, and Thailand) will double in twenty to forty years. Interestingly, Japan and India are growing less rapidly than the United States.

SINCE life is so completely dependent upon food, and since there is some relationship between food and the standard of living, available food per person can be used as a basis for measuring population pressure. Nutritionists are agreed that on the

(*Continued on page* 30)

POPULATION FIGURES FOR SELECTED COUNTRIES

Country or territory	*Population, 1952*	*Per cent annual increase*	*Years to double*	*Population per square mile*
GROUP 1. Doubling in 20 to 40 years:				
El Salvador	1,986,000	3.37	21	148
Mexico	26,922,000	3.20	22	34
Venezuela	5,280,000	2.98	23	16
Costa Rica	850,000	2.94	24	41
Honduras	1,513,000	2.83	24	34
Panama	841,000	2.79	25	27
Canada	13,405,000	2.68	26	3
Ceylon	7,941,000	2.51	28	310
Egypt	21,425,000	2.40	29	54
Brazil	54,477,000	2.34	30	16
Australia	8,649,000	2.30	30	3
Argentina	18,056,000	2.28	30	16
Turkey	21,983,000	2.15	32	71
Indonesia	78,163,000	2.13	32	132
Iran	19,519,000	1.94	36	31
Peru	8,864,000	1.94	36	18
Philippines	20,631,000	1.88	37	176
Thailand	19,193,000	1.87	37	96
Jamaica	1,457,000	1.85	37	18
GROUP 2. Doubling in 40 to 60 years:				
United States	156,981,000	1.70	41	52
Yugoslavia	16,729,000	1.58	44	165
Hawaii	522,000	1.53	45	—
GROUP 3. Doubling in 60 to 80 years:				
Japan	85,500,000	1.41	49	593
Switzerland	4,815,000	1.40	49	297
World	2,469,000,000	1.20	58	46
Finland	4,091,000	1.14	61	31
Burma	18,859,000	0.98	71	73
Norway	3,327,000	0.93	75	26
GROUP 4. Doubling in 80 to 100 years:				
France	42,600,000	0.85	82	199
Portugal	8,549,000	0.85	82	246
Spain	28,306,000	0.78	89	145
Sweden	7,125,000	0.73	95	41
Denmark	4,334,000	0.69	100	253
GROUP 5. Doubling in more than 100 years:				
Italy	46,865,000	0.39	180	401
Belgium	8,706,000	0.32	220	723
United Kingdom	50,429,000	0.30	230	538
Austria	6,949,000	0.14	500	216
Ireland	2,948,000	—0.2		109

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Philosopher through the Fog

"John Dewey," edited by Irwin Edman *(Bobbs-Merrill. 322 pp. $3.50), a volume bringing together representative samples of Dewey's writing, allows the reader to make his own measure of the most influential American philosopher of our time. Here it is reviewed by Brand Blanshard, professor of philosophy at Yale and author of "The Nature of Thought" and other books.*

By Brand Blanshard

NO ONE was better equipped than Irwin Edman to prepare the readable anthology from the writings of John Dewey recently published by Bobbs-Merrill. He knew Dewey intimately as a philosopher, teacher, and man; he understood and admired, though never slavishly, his teacher's way of thinking; and he had a sense for effective statement that enabled him to draw out by a sort of magnetism the best ores from the mountainous heaps of rather dreary Deweyan prose. Max Eastman has said of Dewey that he "published thirty-six books and 815 articles and pamphlets —a pile twelve feet seven inches high —but if he ever wrote one 'quotable' sentence it has got permanently lost in the pile." That is what may be called a truthful inaccuracy. Dewey did write clumsily; his long strings of Latin nouns make for vagueness and heavy going. But the mist lifts at times, and for pages at a stretch the reader moves about, not through sunshine exactly, but at least through a pleasant summer haze. Edman knew where to find these "islets of the blest and the intelligible," and the passages he has chosen, for the most part rather long ones, present Dewey's ideas in all the main fields of his wide-ranging inquiry.

How do these ideas stand, now that they have been in the public eye for some forty or fifty years? Can we still say, as the University of Paris did in conferring a degree upon him, that Dewey was "the most profound and complete expression of American genius"? Perhaps not. Time has winnowed his ideas, leaving much that is important, but also discarding much. His central idea of instrumentalism, namely that thinking is an instrument for generating and applying "plans of action," is not now widely accepted. But his view (and Peirce's) that an idea, if it is to have meaning at all, must refer to what can be given in experience has been taken over and made into a cornerstone by the "logical empiricists." What of his views on education? His famous theory of learning by doing seems to have been rejected for higher education while being accepted in the main for elementary education. If the old-fashioned schoolroom with its narrow curriculum and unimaginative discipline has been successfully made over, it is largely Dewey's work, and one suspects that among his monuments this will cast the longest shadow. But when he sought to discredit the pursuit of speculative knowledge for its own sake, as he did in a long passage from "Reconstruction in Philosophy" which is here reproduced, he was challenging a tradition as old as Plato, and he made little headway against it. That, perhaps, is as it should be. For I suspect that what he was defying at this point was human nature itself.

In politics he was left of center; he was a socialist of his own kind. But it was late in life before he sat down to a serious study of Marx, and when he did he was repelled by what he read. His Socialism was of the type that would increase interference from above only in the interest of more elbow-room below. He hated Stalinism as he hated Hitlerism, and after he headed the commission to Mexico to learn the truth about Trotsky the Communist press set him down as a dupe of the capitalist order. The service stripes he earned in the battle for individual freedom would cover a longer sleeve than his. Indeed, there is a sense in which freedom was for Dewey the supreme aim and final test in every department of life—in politics, in ethics, in education, even in logic. To the confusion of many, he refused to be bound by any definite ends; he was so thorough an evolutionist as to hold that our goals themselves were in flux and that if we tried to fix them by definition we should only find them dissolving in our hands. The only end he would recognize was free growth itself, "an ever-increasing release of the powers of human nature, in service of a freedom which is cooperative and a cooperation which is voluntary." For most philosophers that is not enough; they insist that there must be further tests for growth itself and for the right use of freedom. One may agree with the critics here while still accepting Dewey's defense of democratic freedom as perhaps the most powerful in our history.

DEWEY'S pilgrimage in religion was as long as it was in philosophy. In his youth he had been a Sunday-school teacher in Burlington, Vermont. In his late years God and the supernatural had vanished from his world, and he even thought that continued belief in them was an obstacle to progress. Yet he prized religion, and was convinced that what was important in it could survive the vanishing of its creeds. "It does not become those who hold that faith may move mountains to deny in advance the possibility of its manifestations on the basis of verifiable realities." What is precious about religion is not its dogmas, which Dewey thought hardly worth refuting, but the religious attitude, which meant for him that long-range seflessness that made one order one's life not for one's own advantage, or even a group advantage, but for the good of mankind generally. To many such a view seems to leave religion gutted. But even they will hardly deny that by his own not unexacting standard Dewey was a religious man.

It is sad to think that the apt and graceful introduction to this book is presumably the last piece we shall have from the pen of Irwin Edman. His premature death last year robbed us of one of the most sensitive critics and one of the most accomplished writers of our time.

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Sorry Socialism

"Reflections on the Failure of Socialism," by Max Eastman *(Devin-Adair. 127 pp. $2.75), offers the views of a one-time American Socialist who describes himself as "hard-headed." Professor Charles Frankel of Columbia University, who reviews it here, is the editor of a forthcoming collection of the writings of Irwin Edman.*

By Charles Frankel

IN THE Thirties Marxists used to spend most of their time denouncing "soft-headed idealists" and "liberals." The heresy of these men, said the Marxists, was to believe that an economy could be controlled for the public good without giving up political democracy. Now, in the Fifties, many ex-Marxists have moved to the other end of the spectrum in their economic views. But the men they denounce most vigorously are still the "soft-headed idealists" who think that an economy can be controlled for the public good without giving up democracy.

Max Eastman now contributes a brief little book called "Reflections on the Failure of Socialism." His theme is not simply the failure of Socialism, but the danger of any economic controls. He believes, in fact, that "democratic enthusiasts" who want to plan for freedom and equality are more dangerous to democracy than fellow-travelers or even orthodox Communists.

Mr. Eastman's central position is based explicitly on the analyses of contemporary economists like Friedrich Hayek, Wilhelm Roepke, and Ludwig von Mises. Mr. Eastman gives us their conclusions without their arguments, but his position does not become more convincing thereby. There are, he believes, only two alternatives: one is a free-market economy, governed by an impersonal price system; the other is a controlled economy, resting on personal authority and armed force. A free economy is one in which the individual consumer determines what will be produced through the influence which his purchases exert on the price system. Begin to plan and we have the end of the consumer's sovereignty and an impersonal price system; and once these are gone the road to complete tyranny, political as well as economic, is natural and inevitable. Mr. Eastman says that "there has been no answer" to this sort of argument.

I am afraid he has not been keeping up with his reading or with recent history. No less staunch a spokesman for capitalism than Joseph Schumpeter has pointed out that even extreme socialist planning, whatever its other deficiencies may be, could operate through an impersonal price system. And in the case of limited economic controls the argument is even less convincing. The governments of all countries, including our present Republican Government, take steps every day which affect the price system in fundamental ways: yet these are certainly not felt by the average citizen as personal commands to him on how to spend his dollar. He continues to make his decisions in terms of the fluctuating prices of an impersonal market.

One cannot help but feel, indeed, that Mr. Eastman is playing with a will-o'-the-wisp as airy as his older image of Socialism. He is quite right, I think, to make consumer sovereignty a basic condition of a free society. But he is quite wrong to assume that such sovereignty is in fact what is achieved when the operation of economic forces is left absolutely uncontrolled. Consumers, for example, now have to choose between commodities which are produced by highly technical processes of which they are usually ignorant; and the crucial role of advertising in the present economy hardly needs to be mentioned. In anything but the most abstract sense, it is doubtful that in the present economy, even apart from the activities of government, "the major economic decisions" are placed "in the hands of the whole people as consumers." This is a comforting abstraction which is just about on a level with the comfortable old Socialist notion that once you had abolished private ownership of the means of production the economy would just naturally belong to everyone.

To be sure, some of what Mr. Eastman has to say in these essays makes good sense. He argues the traditional liberal point that the struggle for power is the enduring fact about political life, and that the main business of a liberal society is to keep any sector of society from getting too much power. He has a good time exploding the amusing idea that there is such a thing as "economic democracy" which men can enjoy even if they sacrifice political democracy. And while he rather flattens the idea out, it is worth repeating, as he does, that the State need not be, and should not be, the only institution in society on which men depend for the realization of their vital interests. None of this is very new; but it is nice to have Mr. Eastman announce these facts with all the awe and joy of first discovery.

2004 Sagacity

"Looking Beyond," by Lin Yutang *(Prentice-Hall. 387 pp. $4.95), presents in fictional form a popular Chinese philosopher's ideas as to how men can most wisely live their lives.*

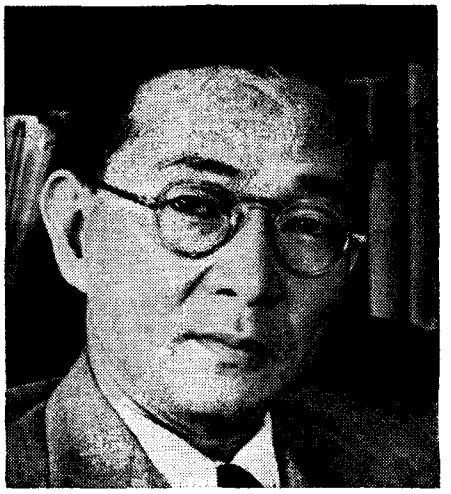
By Edmund Fuller

DR. LIN YUTANG has written a leisurely, fantastic novel called "Looking Beyond" to serve as a fresh medium for telling us some of the things that he has told us before in "The Importance of Living." To this extent it is a philosophical novel. Also, he has many tart, critical comments to make about the way the human species is conducting its affairs today. In this respect it is a satirical novel.

Among the minor things Dr. Lin extols, in passing, are the pleasures and benefits of bare feet. It is a barefooted kind of novel he has written—genially relaxed, soft-footed, and comfortable. He isn't rushing anywhere, he isn't trampling. He shows an amiable indifference toward his story, letting it move erratically, tacking it together by improvisation. All he demands of it is that it divert us mildly, storywise, and serve him as a vehicle for ideas. In these intentions it succeeds.

The time is the year 2004. As in Aldous Huxley's "Ape and Essence," the world has passed through an atomic debacle. But Dr. Lin's mood is brighter than Huxley's was. Not only has there been a World War III, but a World War IV. Yet men have learned, after the catastrophes of the third, that they dare not try such a thing again. World War IV, undesirable as it may have been, was more like our own years of cold war with hot spots. After it something approaching world

(*Continued on page 24*)



—*Marcus.*

Lin Yutang—"pleasures of bare feet."

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FICTION

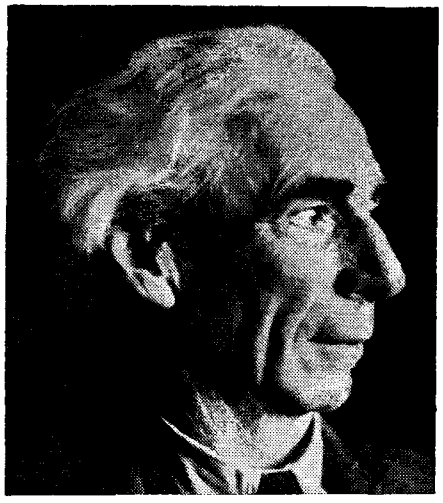
Eminent Gadfly Adream

"Nightmares of Eminent Persons and Other Stories," by Bertrand Russell *(Simon & Schuster. 177 pp. $3), unlike the distinguished British philosopher's first collection of short stories published two years ago, are frankly intended to provoke thought rather than to entertain.*

By William Peden

"COULD I but return to the old sublimities!" sighs a Bertrand Russell character. "Ah, how hard is the Life of Reason!" In one form or another, this lament animates most of the pieces in "Nightmares of Eminent Persons and Other Stories," his new collection of fables and two long short stories. Bertrand Russell has declared that his earlier stories ("Satan in the Suburbs," published two years ago when the author was eighty-one) were to be read simply as stories, that they were written with no desire to point a moral. But the present volume, he warns his readers, is not primarily for "amusement." Although some of the "Nightmares" are "purely fantastic," others "represent possible, though not probable," horrors; "Zahatopolk" is meant to be "completely serious"; and "Faith and Mountains" will appear fantastic only to readers who "have led sheltered lives."

In the "Nightmares" Lord Russell presents an intriguing series of dramatic situations: Stalin, a captive of American Quakers after a third world war; Eisenhower, an unwilling spectator to a peace pact between McCarthy and Malenkov; the Queen of Sheba, outwitted by Beelzebub; an Existentialist who is reluctantly convinced that he exists. Similarly with the two longer pieces: "Zahatopolk" takes us into a terrifying future world comparable to that of "Brave New World" or "Nineteen Eighty-Four" while "Faith and Mountains" depicts the struggle between two rival and utterly phony "spiritual" leaders. In spite of their variety, such pieces are alike in their preoccupation with the evils of stupidity, hypocrisy, and blind faith.



Lord Russell—"cool and ironic."

At eighty-three Bertrand Russell remains a gadfly beneath the hide of conservative belief. Like most satirists, past and present, he works from the premise that "folly is natural to man." He suggests that all men—like the skeptical heroine of "Zahatopolk," who is burned at the stake for her "heresies"—are irrevocably damaged "when they substitute dogma for fact." The complacent reader will find much to disturb him in these cool, ironic stories, particularly in the constantly implied or directly stated warfare against all kinds of orthodoxy, religious, political, and social.

In insisting on replacing faith by fact, the author is less controversial than in his neglect of traditional story-telling methods. Most of these pieces, thought-provoking and stimulating though they may be, are disappointing as fiction. Russell makes no effort to individualize his characters. For the most part his people are as one-dimensional as the allegorical puppets of a medieval morality play. Similarly, he makes no effort to create the illusion of place-reality; the Peru of his "Zahatopolk" differs in name only from the London of his "Faith and Mountains" and most of the remaining stories take place in a complete vacuum. Finally, he tends to substitute rhetoric for incident, and dialectic for plot. Thus, though he provides much food for the intellect there is comparatively little here to engross, delight, or captivate. Even the most ardent admirers of Bertrand Russell will find the going occasionally too rough for narrative comfort. "Nightmares of Eminent Persons" is at best a byproduct in the literary career of one of the great thinkers of our century.

Patrick White—"one sentimentality."

Pioneer Down Under

"The Tree of Man," by Patrick White *(Viking Press. 499 pp. $4.50), is the story of the family of an Australian cattle raiser that in many ways resembles those of our own frontiersmen.*

By Walter Havighurst

PARALLELS between Australian and American frontier experience will occur to American readers of Patrick Walsh's solid and substantial novel of the Australian bush, "The Tree of Man." Mr. White tells the story of a restless youth, at the turn of the present century, who went into new country, cleared his pasture and raised cattle, and saw the land change past recognition in his lifetime. Externally, at least, it is like the story American novelists have told of frontier regions from Ohio to Oregon.

The novel begins with a primitive picture—a nameless man alone in the bush, striking his first axe-blows at the side of a hairy tree, breaking an immense silence. This is Stan Parker, son of a drunken blacksmith and a sensitive, ambitious mother (there are other echoes of D. H. Lawrence in this novel), who was torn between the desire for change and the need of permanence. After an awkward and silent childhood he had knocked around the Australian coast; now he has come to the bush and has marked out the corners of his future.

The novel moves deliberately, sometimes overly so, savoring the sights, sounds, smells of the wild land, looking into men's and women's feelings, observing changes in the land and its people. Stan Parker brings a wife to his place, a simple, wondering girl who becomes a sturdy woman. As the

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seasons pass, new settlers come. Durilgai—it is like an American frontier name, an aboriginal word meaning "fruitful"—gets a store and a post office. To Stan and Amy Parker two children are born. Stan develops a good farm, a sound herd; he is respected in the district and known in the market town of Bangalay. But still he is vaguely uneasy, his life is unfulfilled.

To farming and to family life this man brought only a blunt determination. His only guide was his simplicity, and though that was sufficient in his farming it was not enough for him as husband and father. Much of this novel is given to a portrayal of husband and wife, their distance and their closeness, their protection of each other, the kindness that accompanied their essential separateness. The wife had capacities and yearnings that her husband could not share. The man could not communicate with his wife and children. The novel tells of people discovering each other too little and too slowly.

All of Mr. White's people are alive, believable, and sharply individual. There are salty old Mrs. O'Dowd—"life possessed her untidily" but it possessed her fully—and her unruly husband, the headstrong Parker son who gets mixed up in a Sydney racing scandal, the tractable daughter who marries a Sydney solicitor, old Fritz the German, and young Con the Greek, who by turns work on the Parker place. Some of these characters are shrewdly observed when the scene shifts from the lonely bush to the strident streets of Sydney.

Stan Parker is a less resourceful and zestful frontiersman than has frequently appeared in American fiction, and his inner failures are given more space than his outward accomplishments. This makes him a three-dimensional man. He is almost always believable, though not always interesting. In portraying this limited man Mr. White commits just one sentimentality. In the hour of his death—an old man amid the withered autumn grass—a great understanding comes to him, which for a moment he was able to share with his wife. "It was clear that One, and no other figure, is the answer to all sums." This mystical awareness comes as an unlikely crown to Stan Parker's groping life.

Literary Fireworks

"The Walker and Other Stories," by Patrick O'Brian *(Harcourt, Brace. 244 pp. $3.50), is a collection of short pieces by a writer whose two novels ("Testimonies," "Catalans") have raised high expectations.*

By Oliver La Farge

ON ONE who has read Patrick O'Brian's two previous books, both novels, the effect of the beginning of "The Walker and Other Stories," his new collection of short pieces, vignettes, sketches (it is hard to say just what they are; hardly stories in most cases), is exciting. The novels showed ability, not all fully realized, including a gift for vivid description. That is here, with a turn for effectively relating the mood of the setting with the emotions, and able treatment of tense moments.

After reading the first few pieces I found myself thinking of another Irishman's lucidly effective prose, James Stephens, as he appears in "Etched in Moonlight." But then excitement steadily dropped and the comparison became impossible.

The cumulative effect of these short pieces is disagreeable. Reading all two dozen of them in the course of three evenings required effort; to read the whole, short book at one sitting would have been impossible. Almost every piece is a tragic fantasy, literary fireworks, with sharp description, strong local color quickly developed, and a snapper at the end. Impending doom or the loom over one's shoulder of the yet unseen, unpleasant, surprise ending characterizes most of them. The snapper endings suggest the O. Henry trick but, unlike O. Henry's work, these are often obscure and in too many cases incomprehensible. The author seems to have been in too much of a hurry to light his firecracker under the reader and run, when he should have stuck around to make sure it went off.

In thinking of dealers in tragic fantasy and imaginative horror, John Collier and Arthur Machen come to mind inevitably; Mr. O'Brian achieves at moments a touch of Machen's atmosphere, but that is all. Perhaps if one read these pieces one or two at a time, at wide intervals, all of them would have the impact of the first few. The more striking a trick is the less it will stand repetition. Wading through a bookful of the same thing the reader soon learns what to expect, surprise is eliminated, and monotony comes in its place. This is just as true of the grim and macabre as it is of Pollyanna optimism.

The end result of "The Walker" is disappointment, particularly so to anyone who has been watching Mr. O'Brian's development so far. These stories are a fine demonstration that brilliance in detail is not enough, can be, in fact, a pitfall for the writer.

Notes

VARIETY PACKAGE: In "Thunder Stone" (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) Sylvia Cooper presents a physician confronted with two moral crises. At the peak of his career as an eye surgeon, Dr. Carl Sholto is faced with the necessity of performing an operation on a child whose parents idiotically withhold consent. The doctor also must decide whether to shed his addlepated wife for his much more sympathetic nurse. Though these may seem like familiar gambits of medical fiction, Mrs. Cooper's treatment of the doctor wrestling with his dilemmas is decidedly unroutine and tremendously convincing. Incidentally, Robert Montgomery recently televised it.

Although **"The Actor"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) is a novel about the picture business, Niven Busch is refreshingly unconcerned with trotting out the usual collection of Hollywood grotesques. Instead, he is interested in sketching the character of Dan Prader, a fallible but likable man, who was once a star in quickie Westerns and who has now descended to falling off horses for a living. Mr. Busch makes of Dan's rise and falls an exciting story, permeated with the atmosphere of movie-making.

"The Virginia Exiles," by Elizabeth Gray Vining (Lippincott, $3.95), follows the fortunes of a small group of Quakers, interned in Virginia because of their neutralist attitude toward the American Revolution. Mrs. Vining (who described her experiences as a Japanese imperial tutor in "Windows for the Crown Prince"), makes a moderately interesting chronicle out of the shifting moral attitudes of a young Philadelphian who refuses to be the Quaker equivalent of a summer soldier.

Frances Siddorn, the lady novelist who is the heroine of Katherine Talbot's **"The Innermost Cage"** (Putnam,

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$3.50), is a collector of people. An elderly alcoholic, a morose D. P. who relishes beating his wife, the mother-in-law of her divorced first husband —all of these weirdies are sheltered in the novelist's country home. When Frances extends her hospitality to a sweet young thing who wrote her a fan letter the girl repays her by running off with her husband, a gentleman whose curly black hair "sparkled with energy." Miss Talbot tries to trace the hash of her heroine's emotional life back to a childhood trauma, but the author is badly hampered by a lack of familiarity with her characters and with the subtleties of the English language.

A rookie detective in Walt Sheldon's **"The Man Who Paid His Way"** (Lippincott, $3.50) finds it hard to maintain his integrity in the midst of small- and big-time corruption. But he finally emerges from his stint in a West Coast city with a clear conscience and a punctured hip. Mr. Sheldon describes the office politics of a police headquarters with an authority that lends substance to his story. —MARTIN LEVIN.

LOVERS IN ITALY: If one compares the rather breathless account Isabel Quigly gives in **"The Exchange of Joy"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) of an extramarital affair between a young English woman and an Italian poet with E. M. Forster's "Where Angels Fear to Tread," which it continually suggests, this first novel emerges as a rather thin, minor work. The lovers are pale reflections of the famous archetypes: the middle-class Englishwoman (Celia) who is swept up by Italy and by the Mediterranean male personality (Archangelo) into unconventional, even faintly exotic action; and a friend of the lovers, with the fetching name of Beamish, who offers to take care of their illegitimate offspring, is straight out of Forster. Celia returns to her husband after her year's sabbatical, both she and Archangelo deciding to keep the birth of their child, and their love, secret. Her relationship with her architect husband, which seems typical for novels of this sort, is dispassionate and affectionate; and it is cemented, in this instance, by the existence of two very young children and by the husband's excellence as a provider for his family and for his wife's lover.

Until I got well along into the book I found the involved style extremely distracting. But the book is not without merit. It captures, lyrically and entirely adequately, the climate, both literal and psychological—sleepy, sensual, ecstatic—of a honeymoon situation in Italy. —DACHINE RAINER.

THE ORIENT

Five Red Years

"China Under Communism," by Richard L. Walker *(Yale University Press. 403 pp. $4.50), is a scholar's report on the first five years, beginning in 1949. It is reviewed below by Harold H. Fisher, chairman of the Hoover Institute and Library, Stanford University, author of "The Communist Revolution: An Outline of Strategy and Tactics" and other volumes on contemporary affairs.*

By Harold H. Fisher

ANY discussion of Communist China raises the question: What has happened in five years to transform this vast country, discouraged, divided, exhausted by years of foreign and civil wars, into a confident, aggressive, united nation, pressing its claim to be the "Middle Kingdom" of Asia and one of the great powers of the world? In "China Under Communism" Richard L. Walker begins with 1949 and tells chronologically the story of what happened in the following five tragic and turbulent years. He then discusses in more detail such topics as "Psychological Control," "Economic Control," "The Peasants," "Culture and the Intellectuals," "Terror," and so forth. The last four chapters deal with foreign relations generally and with the Soviet Union and the United States in particular.

The Communists, Mr. Walker finds, have created an Oriental despotism with Russian innovations that increase both its efficiency and its despotic gravity. They have slavishly followed the Stalinist pattern in the hope of accomplishing in a few years that industrial transformation that took the Soviets three decades and the West much longer. The Chinese Communists have discovered, as the Russians did before them, that agrarian reform based on individual ownership, free cooperatives, and a halfway nationalization of trade and industry produce a crop of individualists who are an indigestible element in the total managerial body of the Communist police state. The Chinese Communists, like the Soviet "Big Brothers," have achieved military power and control but at such cost in human values that the regime is both a menace and a challenge to the whole non-Communist world.

—The New York Times.

"An' the Dawn Comes up Like Thunder Outer China 'Crost the Bay."

Mr. Walker seems to suggest that this monstrous state machine contains the seeds of its own destruction, not from any Titoist deviation but through the United States standing firm, refusing recognition, containing Asian Communism. Mr. Walker does not speculate on why the Chinese Communists, up to now, have followed the Moscow line so dutifully. Is it because so many of the leaders are Soviet-trained (over 57 per cent of the members of the Central Committee)? Or because the Russians exercise a police control. Or because of Chinese dependence on Soviet material and technical aid? Or is it because the methods of forced economic modernization worked out in an underdeveloped Eurasian country are more congenial than the methods of the West? Mr. Walker believes that the ties with Moscow are strong and that China is not likely to take an independent policy for a long time. If, on the other hand, Peking policy is not really based on proletarian internationalism or some other form of ideological conformity but on practical considerations, the People's Government might take a line divergent from or even opposed to that of the USSR.

Lord Lindsay, a veteran student of Chinese affairs who visited the mainland with the Labour Party delegation last year, believes that the Chinese Communists have made a policy to fit an external world that does not really exist but that conforms to their theory of what that external world should be. The Labour delegation found the Chinese more flexible and less doctri-

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naire than their Russian comrades and the British were more hopeful than Mr. Walker that the Chinese might be less bound by ideological loyalties and more inclined to follow their national interest than the interests of world revolution as interpreted in the Kremlin.

Mr. Walker notes the undeniable fact that Chinese Communist foreign policy these five years has been based on the theory of the struggle between the two camps, a policy implemented by a continuously virulent "hate America" campaign and a combination of incitements to fear, hate, and wars of liberation with pious platitudes about peace-loving peoples, non-aggression, and peaceful coexistence. But Peking has not been notably successful in realizing the six aims of foreign policy identified by Mr. Walker: (1) It has not yet achieved recognition as one of the five great powers. (2) It has not been accepted as the leader of the anti-imperialist movement or the spokesman for Asia, positions to which others have claims. The much publicized "classical" Chinese method of revolution has failed and been abandoned in India, Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia. (3) Peking has had some success in creating tension but the present policy seems to run in the other direction. (4) The People's Government has failed to gain control of the twelve million overseas Chinese. Mr. Walker estimates that 80 per cent are anti-Communist. (5) Peking's influence has been extended in Tibet, North Korea, and Viet Minh. It did not, however, gain its objectives in Korea or Viet Nam and the refusal of over 74 per cent of the released war prisoners to return to China was, in Mr. Walker's words, "the biggest set-back the Government had yet received." (6) Peking has had considerable trouble persuading the world that it follows a completely independent policy while it continually reiterates its "undeviating acceptance" of the Moscow line. Asians, it seems to me, are less influenced by Peking propaganda than by the attractions of such ideas as "Asia for the Asians," anti-imperialism, equality, and development.

I agree with Mr. Walker that the United States must do more than be firm and patient; we must educate our public servants, our children, and ourselves; we must find and develop ways of helping the Asians to break the chains of poverty and ignorance without loading them with the chains of a new despotism. I hope Mr. Walker will not follow his own suggestion and leave it to specialists on Communism, not to Sinologues, to analyze Chinese affairs but instead will himself take on a second five-year plan.

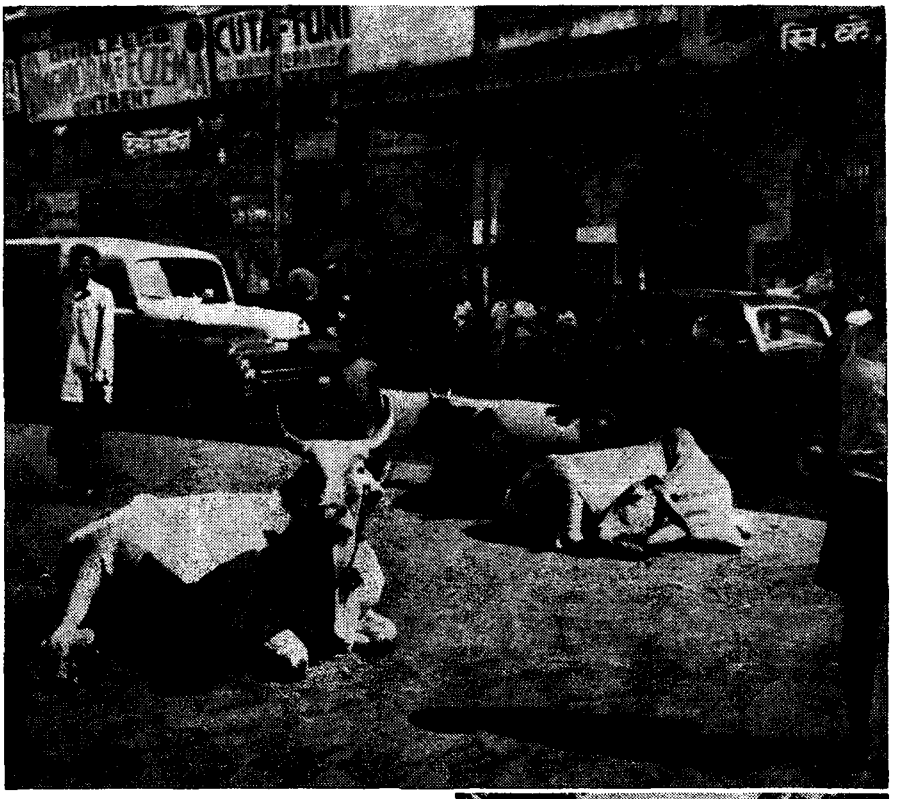
China Look-See

"No Flies in China," by George Stafford Gale *(William Morrow. 191 pp. $3), is the report of a* Manchester Guardian *correspondent on a three-week visit behind the Bamboo Curtain. Our reviewer is Kenneth Scott Latourette, Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History, Emeritus, at Yale, and author of books on China.*

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

WHAT is the situation in Red China? How does the mainland of China fare under Communist rule? What is happening behind the Bamboo Curtain? Besides Richard L. Walker's "China Under Communism" another recent book, by a British journalist, attempts to offer answers to those questions. George Stafford Gale's "No Flies in China" makes no pretense of being either a comprehensive or a definitive study. It is frankly a set of impressions gleaned from three weeks' travel in Russia and China by one who had had no previous experience in the country.

Gale was a member of the contingent of newspaper correspondents who accompanied the Labour Party delegation led by Clement Attlee which journeyed to Peking in the summer of 1954. He went as a representative of *The Manchester Guardian*. That in itself should give some indication of the slant of his report. He is disarmingly candid both about his own bias and the inevitably fragmentary and superficial character of his observations. He regards modern



AN AMERICAN IN INDIA: Now it looks as if the land of India, which has seen its share of recent changes, is in for another one: the arrival of the American tourist. This year the first Indian tourist information office opened in the U. S. and last month an American tourist's book about that country, **"One Man's India,"** by Arthur Stratton (Norton, $4), appeared. Mr. Stratton offers interesting observations and his own snapshots, the two here showing that cows do block traffic in Calcutta and that temples like the Jagannath Temple in Puri are extraordinarily different.

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Western democracies as being as dictatorial as Communist governments. On the whole he prefers living under Western democracies, for their leaders can be publicly criticized and can be removed by popular vote and their governments must act according to law. In China he was in Peking, a few centers in Manchuria, and Shanghai. He is quite aware that much that he records is of what the Communists wished him to see. He leaves to the reader the evaluation of Communist claims and figures.

YET through Gay's racily, almost casually written pages one catches glimpses which have about them the ring of authenticity. Herein lies the chief value of the book. One sees Peking as it was in the heat of summer. Sanitation was such that flies had all but disappeared. While there were still street smells, little refuse was observable. Pedicabs rather than the former rickshaws were the customary means of conveyance.

In the countryside Gale saw the Chinese peasant, timeless, cultivating his fields as his ancestors had done. He declared Mukden to be the ugliest town that he had ever seen, but he also found in it new housing developments and he heard of sanataria for the workers. The Communists regard Anshan as the great glory of China, for there is an example of what they hope for in the industrial development to which they are devoting their energies. To be sure, it was built by the Japanese, but the Communists claim that its production is higher than under the Nipponese. Near Mukden Gale was taken to visit a model agricultural village, with its collective farm, its cooperatives, and its tractors, but he remarked that in the Chinese press there were many notices of opposition to the collective farms. He found Shanghai virtually a dead city and the few remaining British businessmen to be in effect hostages held until the claims of Chinese employes against their firms were met. He was bored by Chinese journalists, for they did little but prate of peaceful coexistence. To him acceptance of coexistence and the relaxation of tension would play into the hands of the Russian and Chinese Communists. He also bears witness to the vigorous anti-American propaganda. In the main he was impressed with the efficiency and incorruptibility of the Chinese officials and with the absence of beggars, prostitutes, and usurers. But he was annoyed by the bureaucratic red tape. In contrast with some other observers, he believes that the Communist regime has the support of the overwhelming majority of the Chinese people.

"One thing you have to say about Arbuthnot's pictures. They contain a message."

The Pick of the Paperbacks

FROM time to time SR *calls your attention to some of the excellent books that have become available in paperback editions at popular prices. Because of limitations of space the list of books below, all published within the past two months, is representative rather than exhaustive.*

Fiction and Belles-Lettres

THE COMMON READER. By Virginia Woolf. Harvest. $1.15. A collection of essays, some of which appeared in the London *Times Literary Supplement,* some in the *Dial,* and some of which appeared for the first time in this volume in 1925.

BARABBAS. By Pär Lagerkvist. Modern Library. 95¢. The Nobel Prize-winning novel about the thief whom Jesus replaced on the Cross.

GREAT MODERN SHORT STORIES. Selected and with biographical notes by Bennett A. Cerf. Modern Library. 95¢. Conrad, Galsworthy, Lawrence, Maugham, Hemingway, Cather, and six other greats.

TOM JONES. By Henry Fielding. Modern Library. 95¢.

THE JOURNALS OF ARNOLD BENNET. Selected and edited by Frank Swinnerton, Penguin. 85¢.

TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA. By Charles Doughty. An abridgment by Edward Garnett. Anchor. $1.25.

THE LIFE OF DAVY CROCKETT. By Davy Crockett. Signet. 35¢. Fiction? Autobiography- Belles-lettres? At least it's no less authentic than the current juvenile image of Davy.

THE TALE OF GENJI. By Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. Anchor. 95¢. The first novel of the long series by a member of the Imperial Japanese Court in the early eleventh century.

GERMINAL. By Emile Zola. Translated by L. W. Tancock. Penguin. 85¢. A new translation first published in 1954.

VANITY FAIR. By William Makepeace Thackery. Modern Library. 95¢.

AMERIKA. By Franz Kafka. Translated by Edwin Muir. Anchor. 95¢. Picaresque fantasy novel set in an America that existed chiefly in Kafka's imagination.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. By Fyodor Dostoyevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. Modern Library. 95¢.

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV. By Fyodor Dostoyevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. Modern Library. 95¢.

THE OLD ORDER. By Katherine Anne Porter. Harvest. 95¢. A collection of stories of the South taken from "Flowering Judas," "Pale Horse, Pale Rider," and "The Leaning Tower."

LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME and Other Stories. By Oscar Wilde. Penguin. 50¢.

OBLOMOV. By Ivan Goncharov. Translated and with an introduction by David Magarshack. Penguin. 85¢. A new translation published for the first time in this edition.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. By Jonathan Swift. Modern Library. 95¢. Also in this volume are "A Tale of a Tub" and "The Battle of the Books."

OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS. By Truman Capote. Modern Library. 95¢.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY and AS I LAY DYING. By William Faulkner. Modern Library. 95¢. Two novels, together with the

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new appendix written by the author for "The Sound and the Fury."

THE ROYAL WAY. By André Malraux. Modern Library. 95¢. A psychological-adventure novel set in Cambodia.

Poetry and Drama

MATTHEW ARNOLD: A Selection of His Poems. Selected by Kenneth Allott. Penguin. 65¢.

THE PRELUDE, and Selected Poems and Sonnets. By William Wordsworth. Introduction by Carlos Baker. Rinehart. 75¢.

THE OEDIPUS CYCLE. By Sophocles. English versions by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. Harvest. $1.15.

THE WASTE LAND AND OTHER POEMS. By T. S. Eliot. Harvest. 95¢. A new selection from Eliot's early and middle periods.

THE DIVINE COMEDY. By Dante. Alighieri. Modern Library. 95¢. The Carlyle-Wicksteed translation, with an introduction by C. H. Grandgent.

THE DIVINE COMEDY. By Dante Alighieri. Translated by H. R. Huse. Rinehart. 95¢.

THE WHITMAN READER. Edited, with an introduction, by Maxwell Geismar. Pocket Books. 50¢.

SEVEN FAMOUS GREEK PLAYS. Edited, and with an introduction and notes by Whitney J. Oates and Eugene O'Neill, Jr. Includes plays of Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and Aristophanes.

PLAYS. By Oscar Wilde. Penguin. 65¢. Includes "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Lady Windermere's Fan," and "Salome."

THE MODERN THEATRE: Five Plays. Edited by Eric Bentley. Anchor. 95¢. The third volume of Mr. Bentley's continuing anthology.

Criticism

SHAW ON MUSIC. By George Bernard Shaw. Selected by Eric Bentley. Anchor. 95¢.

SEVEN TYPES OF AMBIGUITY. By William Empson. Meridian. $1.25. The third edition, with a preface from the second in which Mr. Empson argues with the critics of the first.

Religion and Philosophy

SAINTS FOR OUR TIMES. By Theodore Maynard. Image. 85¢. Brief biographies of some of the most renowned figures in Roman Catholic hagiology.

MYSTICISM: A Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness. By Evelyn Underhill. Meridian. $1.95.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 633

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 633 will be found in the next issue.

BFTM ANCQDGCFRQ,

CGDRBNQ KFG ACBATC

ZDRE RKACZBNL

EKOC REC NDHER RB

XQC REC CGDRBNDKT "ZC."

LKNJ RZKDF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 632

If we want light we must conquer dark.

—J. T. Fields.

INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVOUT LIFE: By St. Francis de Sales. Translated and edited by John K. Ryan. Image. 85¢.

FIVE STAGES OF GREEK RELIGION. By Gilbert Murray. Anchor. 95¢.

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY. By Eduard Zeller. Meridian. $1.35. The thirteenth edition, revised in the light of modern scholarship by Dr. Wilhelm Nestle.

THE WAY OF LIFE: Lao Tzu. Translated by R. B. Blakeny. Mentor. 35¢. A new translation, published here for the first time.

THE AGE OF BELIEF: The Medieval Philosophers. Selected, with an introduction, by Anne Fremantle. Mentor. 50¢.

MOHAMMEDANISM: An Historical Survey. By H. A. R. Gibb. Mentor. 35¢.

THE TEACHINGS OF THE COMPASSIONATE BUDDHA. Edited, with commentary, by E. A. Burtt. Mentor. 50¢.

THE CHURCH SPEAKS TO THE MODERN WORLD: The Social Teachings of Leo XIII. Edited and with an introduction by Etienne Gilson. Image. 95¢.

PLATO'S "REPUBLIC." Translated by Benjamin Jowett. Modern Library. 95¢.

THE SPIRIT OF CATHOLICISM. By Karl Adam. Image. 75¢. An intellectual approach to the fundamentals of the Roman Church.

HERE I STAND: A Life of Martin Luther. By Roland H. Bainton. Mentor. 50¢.

History and Politics

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: A Brief History. By Richard B. Morris. Anvil. $1.25. Like all Anvil histories, this was especially written for the series.

FIFTY MAJOR DOCUMENTS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Edited by Louis L. Snyder. Anvil. $1.25.

MAIN CURRENTS IN AMERICAN THOUGHT. By Vernon L. Parrington. Harvest. 2 volumes. $1.45 each.

THE PORTABLE GIBBON: The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. An abridgment by Dero A. Saunders. Viking. $1.25.

ESSAYS ON FREEDOM AND POWER. By Lord Acton. Meridian. $1.25.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT. By Ernest F. Griffith. Praeger. $1.25. Published simultaneously in a hard-bound edition at $2.50.

THE WORLD IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Louis L. Snyder. Anvil. $1.25.

MAKING OF THE MODERN FRENCH MIND. By Hans Kohn. Anvil. $1.25.

THE LATE VICTORIANS. By Herman Ausubel. Anvil. $1.25.

THE AGE OF REASON. By Louis L. Snyder. Anvil. $1.25.

MEDIEVAL PANORAMA: The English Scene from Conquest to Reformation. By G. G. Coulton. Meridian. $1.95.

AMERICAN THOUGHT: Civil War to World War I. Introduction by Perry Miller. Rinehart. 95¢.

Science and Sociology

THE MYTH OF THE STATE. By Ernst Cassirer. Anchor. $1.25.

LEONARDO DA VINCI: A Study in Psychosexuality. By Sigmund Freud. Modern Library. 95¢. The authorized translation by Dr. A. A. Brill, with his introduction.

UNDER THE SEA WIND. By Rachel Carson. Mentor. 35¢. A companion to "The Sea Around Us," treating of life in the ground and in the air around the sea.

LANGUAGE: An Introduction to the Study of Speech. By Edward Sapir. Harvest. $1.15.

THE SCIENCE OF FLIGHT. By O. G. Sutton. Penguin. 85¢. A revised and enlarged edition of a history of aerodynamics from primitive times.

FOUNDATIONS IN THE DUST. By Seton Lloyd. Penguin. 65¢. A history of exploration and archaeology in Iraq.

THE ACQUISITIVE SOCIETY. By R. H. Tawney. Harvest. 95¢.

IDEOLOGY AND UTOPIA. By Karl Mannheim. Harvest. $1.35.

THE LANGUAGE AND THOUGHT OF THE CHILD. By Jean Piaget. Translated by Marjorie Gabain, with a preface by Professor E. Claparède. Meridian. $1.35.

MODERN MAN IN SEARCH OF A SOUL. By C. G. Jung. Harvest. $1.15. An introduction to Jung's psychoanalytic thought.

—Thomas E. Cooney.

"Save That Paperback!"

DO-IT-YOURSELF has at last overtaken bookbinding, and it is the gluiest coup in history, all right. My ten fingers are still stuck together like a pair of mitts as a result of my own attempt to embalm a paperback in hard covers, but maybe I'd better start from the beginning. Browsing through a bookshop specializing in paperbacks, I came across a "Bind-A-Book Kit," a ninety-seven-cent box of paraphernalia proclaiming: "SAVE THAT PAPER BACKED CLASSIC! BIND IT *YOURSELF* IN A 'LIMITED EDITION' BINDING. TURN THIS (a picture of a tattered paperback) INTO THAT (a picture of a freshly bound paperback)." Inside was an assortment of tools: bookbinder's glue, tape, rubber-band clamps, "twenty-three-carat" gold leaf, and three sets of "decorative" cover papers, cardboard covers, and leatherette spine covers. It had all been assembled by a company by the name of "Paper Cutter." The "THIS" I happened to have around the house in desperate need of a "THAT" was "Acres and Pains," by S. J. Perelman, and so I openmindedly purchased a kit. I searched for a witty pattern among the decorative cover papers, but it turned out that all three sets were cheerless, grim, and sober, of a sort that would have looked fine on Dostoievski, or Ibsen, or Chekhov, respectively.

I wasn't going to let that stop me for a minute, however. So, just like it said in the instruction sheet, I trimmed the boards to fit the paperback, then covered them with Dostoievski. I mean Ibsen. "The tube of cold resin Bind-A-Book glue contains more than enough to bind six books, so do not skimp," the sheet read. Although the glue sets like iron it can be soaked off with water!" I did not skimp, and my fingers promptly got stuck in the shape of two pretzels. Altruistically, I decided that as soon as my fingers unstuck I'd drop "Paper Cutter" a note suggesting that they advocate skimping, but "Paper Cutter" apparently does not crave any customer testimonials. No address is given. Finally, after a period of resinous concentration, I got Perelman bound, and returned him to the bookshelf. The other day a friend of mine dropped in and he was so smitten by my handiwork that I'd have been a cad if I hadn't presented him with my bookbinding leftovers. He left in a state of euphoria, saying he'd telephone me as soon as he'd bound a book. I haven't heard from him since.

—Bernard Kalb.

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CURE FOR CANCER?

The Great Krebiozen Mystery

By JOHN HAVERSTICK

SIX years ago, in the best tradition of a Hollywood opening scene, a middle-aged doctor from Yugoslavia, who by his own account was a cousin of ex-Queen Helena of Italy and had received through her aid from Pope Pius XII, arrived at Chicago's Midway Airport with a secret which might (or which might not) be the answer to one of the world's most highly publicized needs. The secret: a drug called Krebiozen which he, Dr. Stevan Durovic, claimed to have developed from some horses in Argentina and which he hoped might prove to be a cure for cancer.

This week, after six years of name-calling in high places, of legislative investigations, and of international intrigue which puts the most fantastic dime novel to shame, Dr. Durovic's name was again in the news and a confused but fascinated public had another chance to evaluate the question of whether he had or had not discovered a potential cure for cancer. For on August 15 appeared the second book in six months about the controversy: **"Krebiozen, The Great Cancer Mystery,"** by Dr. George Stoddard (Beacon Press, $3.50). By reading it together with its predecessor, **"K,"** a book by veteran medical reporter Herbert Bailey (Hermitage House, $3.50), the public could judge most of the facets of the mystery for itself and at the same time be amazed by every minute of it, for by no means the least interesting of the book's contents were the controversies within the controversies, all played out by a star-studded cast.

The principal characters, in addition to Queen Helena, the Pope, and Dr. Durovic:

Marko Durovic, a former munitions manufacturer who along with his brother Stevan claimed to have received aid from both Queen Helena and Pope Pius XII in order to get to Argentina and then to the U. S., and who is described as the business brains of the Krebiozen venture.

Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, an eminently respectable medical scientist who first backed the Durovic drug in this country and who has since lost his position at the University of Illinois for doing so.

Senators Arthur Vandenberg and *Brien McMahon,* both of whom, according to the Durovic brothers, received comfort from Krebiozen before they died of cancer and both of whom apparently tried to repay the debt they felt they owed to Krebiozen by recommending that the Durovics be allowed to stay in the U.S. when the question of their legal right to be here arose.

Edwin F. Moore and *Kenneth Brainard,* Chicago businessmen and brothers-in-law to each other who met Dr. Stevan Durovic at the Chicago airport, who have been accused by the Durovic supporters of shadowing the doctor day and night in an effort to get control of the drug for commercial purposes, and who, failing to do so, have been accused of trying in retaliation to prove the drug valueless.

Dr. J. J. Moore, treasurer of the powerful American Medical Association (and no relation to Edwin F. Moore, above), who has also been accused of trying to exploit Krebiozen for selfish commercial purposes and, in addition, of turning the AMA against the drug when *his* plans failed.

Commodore Alberto Carlos Barreira, former Undersecretary of Aviation for the Republic of Argentina who, being convinced that the Durovics were being badly treated in the U. S., flew to Chicago himself, pretended to be on Dr. J. J. Moore's side, and managed by some cloak-and-dagger impersonation and super-sleuthing to obtain recorded conversations between himself and Dr. Moore which he claims prove that Dr. Moore's antagonism against Krebiozen resulted from Dr. Moore's failure in his plans to make Krebiozen profitable for himself.

Dr. George D. Stoddard, author of the most recent book and former president of one of the country's largest state universities, the University of Illinois, from which, partly because he got mixed up in the affair, he was forced to resign by, among others:

Red Grange, ex-football great who now, as a trustee of the University of Illinois, sparked the movement which fired both Drs. Stoddard and Ivy.

OF THE two books Mr. Bailey's "K" makes by far the better reading. It is Mr. Bailey's thesis that Dr. Durovic arrived in Chicago with not one but two drugs: Krebiozen, a powder extracted from horses which Dr. Du-

(*Continued on page 27*)

The Outer Banks

By Carleton Drewry

HERE wind would blow the grass out of the ground,
But there is no grass, nor tree in this lonely land.
Only sky, and shore where Sahara grasses abound,
And dunes build and diminish with the shifting of sand.

Here the wind is felt like some naked compulsion of force.
Sand sifts strangely on itself, grain after grain,
Mixing with mainland soil until over its source
It shows in its drifting a linear black vein.

Here insects, blown from inland, desolate,
Catch at anything, driftwood, or my dangling hand.
In such wind birds can not come together to mate.
They seek solids to save them from the flying sand.

This is vacation country. It is so near
To nothingness, far from the evil of events,
One might think one might attain serenity here
And from all ruthlessness find recompense.

But gulls, going up, pounce down like cats on mice.
And men with children casting lines from the coast
Still teach their kind to kill, and paradise,
Being peopled, is still troubled, is still lost.

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The Saturday Review

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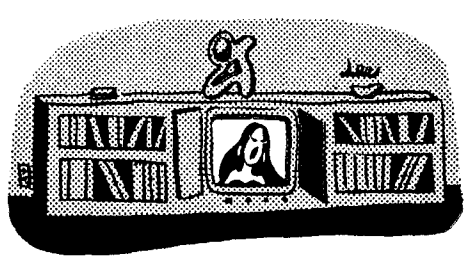
How Average Is the SR Average?

A LITTLE over a month ago *SR* reported the results of a poll it had conducted on the subject of subscription television [*SR* May 28]. This poll showed that 74 per cent of the *SR* readers replying were in favor of the idea of pay-as-you-see TV. At about the same time my organization conducted a survey in Columbus, Ohio, in which we found that 67 per cent of the people there *did not like* the idea of subscription television—even when we described the service in its most favorable light. The conflicting results of these two surveys of opinion seem to me to underscore the importance of properly understanding public opinion on this thorny Subscription TV issue.

Subscription TV is an unknown quantity. Will it be introduced on new channels or on present channels? Will it vary from town to town depending upon the number of channels now in operation? Will it enable the television public to see things not now available, or will it also take over programs which are now seen free? Or will it be forced to water down such theatre as "The Bad Seed" and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" into almost unrecognizable theatre? Who will pay for installation of coin boxes or meter boxes if either of those systems are approved?

Unknowns like these make it difficult to measure opinion. But assuming that people more or less take into account these considerations, the question is *not* solely whether more people favor the idea than are opposed to it; another problem is to find out something about *who* the people are who are for or against the system.

What does the *SR* poll have to offer about public opinion? First of all, it isn't a reflection of how the rest of the country would "vote" unless *SR* readers can be assumed to be the same sort of people as the rest of the country. *SR's* poll was conducted among its subscribers and readers, by mail. In the polling business we always wonder about the people who don't reply to a mail survey of this kind: are they less interested in the subject matter of the questionnaire? Would they swell the ranks of the opponents or the proponents? But these reservations aside, let's assume that the *SR* survey is a good reflection of how its readers feel about Subscription TV. The most revealing thing shown by the poll is not the results *vis-a-vis* TV but that *SR*'s readers are an unusual segment of society. One piece of evidence in the *SR* poll itself demonstrates this fact conclusively. The nation's favorite television program—"I Love Lucy"—was ranked as twenty-sixth (at best) by *SR* readers. It doesn't seem too hazardous to risk the guess that *SR* readers are better educated than the national average, better read, more interested in theatre and educational programs on television. Further, they are probably wealthier and live in or closer to large cities than average. All of these factors would illustrate that *SR*'s readers are quite different people from a true cross-section of Americans. They may be "better" or "worse," depending on your viewpoint, but they are not "average Americans."



WHILE our Columbus survey cannot be presented as an accurate reflection of the "average American's" opinion on the controversial issue of Subscription TV either, we have the assurance that it does represent the poor as well as the wealthy, those who never finished high school as well as the college educated, and generally parallels the rest of the nation in occupation, nationality background, and other factors which might contribute to more representative attitudes toward television. Among these people 67 per cent did not favor the idea of the service even though we had described it as favorably as we could. Subsequently we told our respondents that one of the contentions of the critics of pay-TV was that there was a possibility that all good programs might have to go on a pay-as-you-see basis in order to compete with Subscription TV. At this point the number in favor of the idea of Subscription TV shrank to 7 per cent. Perhaps of greatest interest to *SR* readers (and certainly of great concern to the FCC) is our finding that people in the middle- and lower-income brackets were much more opposed to the idea of the service than wealthier people. And in corroboration of this finding, lower-income people expressed themselves as quite satisfied with television programming as it is now—79 per cent for the lower-income group and 52 per cent for the highest-income group.

Because the results of the *SR* poll are so similar to the results we obtained from people of the same educational and financial status, I am prepared to accept the results as an accurate reflection of the attitudes of *SR* readers toward pay-TV—even if there were research shortcomings in the questionnaire and its use. It is a truism that an important function of the democratic system is to accommodate minority needs. However, just as integral a part is to make certain that in meeting the needs of the more articulate, more privileged minority we do not risk the chance of the majority to find cultural outlets within the economic limits they can afford. Let's make no mistake about it: *SR* readers represent an influential minority in American thought today. One that may influence tomorrow's majority thought—yes. But still a minority.

—E. R.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LIKES MOVIES BUT NOT CRITICS

HOLLIS ALPERT's "Movies Are Better Than the Stage" [*SR* July 23] piece takes a healthy whack at drama critics, but how come the movie critics didn't get a going-over too? One New York weekly magazine has a critic who loves all movies with the utmost of impartiality; another weekly employs a critic who reviews movies as though he has them at the end of a ten-foot pole. Archer Winsten, of the *New York Post,* does a conscientious job without pontificating. Bosley Crowther is conscientious, but pontificates, as befits the critic for *The New York Times.* The *Tribune* man reviews movies as though he's writing short travel articles—telling us of the flora and fauna we'll encounter in the latest CinemaScopic. In the other New York dailies the idea of movie reviewing seems to be to agree with the advertisements. But it's out in the hinterlands that the situation is truly deplorable, with few exceptions. In fact, some newspapers make a habit of printing reviews prepared by studio publicity departments, the reward for this cooperation obviously being an ad. It's true enough that the movies have become the lively theatrical form of our day, but the lively critics who can honestly assess and evaluate are all too few. Some critics all too often regard their craft as a chance to display their little gems of wit and humor. There's someone on *Time* magazine who is most noisome in this regard.

ROBERT CARROLL.

New York, N. Y.

A NOISY SHADOW

MIDSUMMER MADNESS seems to have settled upon *SR* with publication of Hollis Alpert's piece on films *vs.* the stage. While awaiting with no particular tenseness the rebuttal of your drama critic, I should like to point out that Alpert has overlooked one of the theatre's principal assets. No mechanical device can supplant the satisfaction playgoers derive from sharing a performance with living artists. Because of this basic difference films and the stage *cannot* be compared. Brilliance is possible in each medium; each has its superior facets. But the screen must always remain poorer because it is a mechanized form of entertainment. For instance, despite its modern marvels the motion picture is currently at the mercy of almost universally inept projectionists whose indifference or stupidity ruins some of the finest productions the studios have offered. There can be no real contest between stage and screen. The theatre is *alive;* the screen, at best, a noisy shadow.

ROBERT DOWNING.

New York, N. Y.

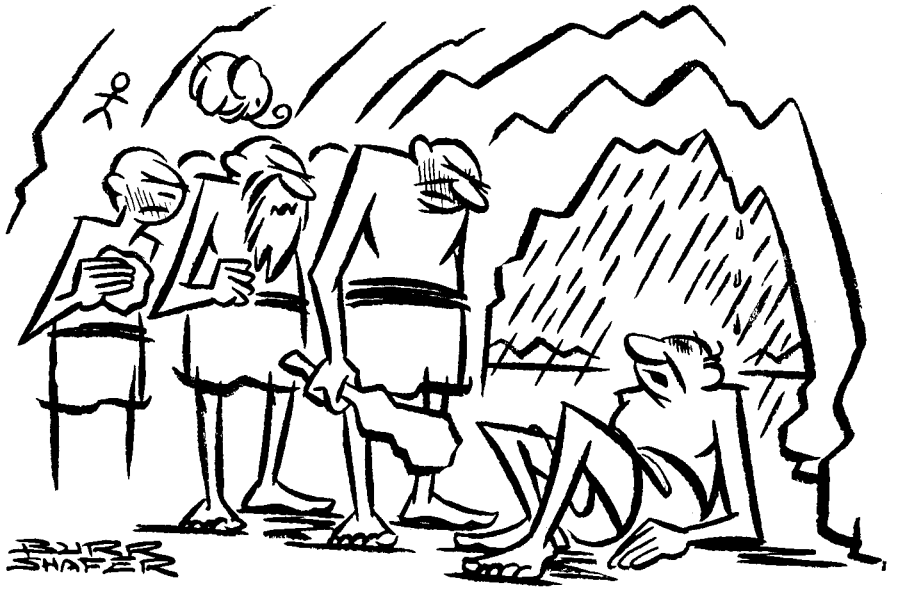
THE SPOKEN WORD

HOLLIS ALPERT in his article "Movies Are Better Than the Stage" has his strongest point when he states that the theatre is losing its power as a center of spoken English. It is difficult for me to recall a contemporary play that has been a worthwhile experience. The prices are high and the product is poor. I think of "Death of a Salesman" and "Tea and Sympathy," and then I find it difficult to recall anything else. It would seem that our present playwrights have little to say.

Movies at this point are better than the stage, but it is certainly evident that movies deserve little approbation. When one considers the mass of celluloid put out by the Hollywood factories and how lean the pickings are the outlook becomes rather dismal. It seems that the writing in Hollywood is non-existent, for they must either butcher a novel or rape a play. I for one am not interested in seeing a celluloid "treatment" of a play I have seen the season before. It would seem to the rather starved soul that at this point: "A plague on both your houses."

STANLEY J. GELLER.

Beverly Hills, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I know I predicted fair and warmer—but let me explain about the sudden appearance of this low-pressure area . . ."

A PLACE FOR BOTH

I HAVE JUST FINISHED reading Hollis Alpert's "Movies Are Better Than the Stage" and cannot resist telling you how much I enjoyed it. It has always seemed a very false attitude to me to state that live theatre is better just because it is *live.* Further, I should like to mention a point which I feel is too often overlooked by New York drama critics, *et al.* Legitimate theatre worth seeing is not very widespread. True, I live in what might be referred to as the Los Angeles metropolitan area, but not only does Los Angeles not have very many good plays to offer but it is—to put it plainly—just too much trouble to drive the twenty-five or more traffic-jammed miles to a theatre. I used to live in Pasadena, where I happily enjoyed the usually well-done plays by the Pasadena Community Playhouse. But I guess that unusual institution spoiled me for most other community drama groups—they all seem hopelessly amateurish. It is true that the stage has greater license in what it can say—that is, it "can speak as adultly as it wishes"—and that, of course, is desirable. But it is also true that from the seats I can usually afford I need a pair of opera glasses in order really to enjoy the performance.

CONSTANCE S. LAPHAM.

Long Beach, Calif.

THE THIRD DIMENSION

THE BEST WAY, I think, to neutralize Hollis Alpert's dogmatic apologia for the movies would be to quote from Eric Bentley's book "The Playwright as a Thinker." "The screen has two dimensions," Bentley writes, "and the stage three . . . The screen presents photographs and the stage living actors." Obviously, both have possibilities as dramatic art, but how often do we have such fulfilment from the movies, especially from that fairyland on the Pacific Coast?

AL SILVERMAN.

Ardsley, N. Y.

GOOD FOR THE MOVIES

HOLLIS ALPERT HAS WRITTEN A CONVINCING AND GOOD PIECE AND ONE THAT, OF COURSE, DELIGHTS ALL CONSCIENTIOUS MOTION-PICTURE WORKERS. CONGRATULATIONS! I AM CERTAIN THAT HENRY HEWES'S PIECE WILL JOIN SOME ISSUES THAT ALPERT STATES AND I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO BE INVOLVED IN THE CONTROVERSY THAT SHOULD RESULT.

DORE SCHARY.

Culver City, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Shakespeare via the N. Y., N. H., & H.

ALTHOUGH the United States already boasts three creditable Shakespearean Festivals at Ashland, Oregon; San Diego, California; and Yellow Springs, Ohio; plus the off-Broadway Shakespearewrights in New York, the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Connecticut, seemed to be the logical repository for American productions of Shakespeare at the highest professional level. Harboring such expectations, from all over the United States came cultural pilgrims. Many came by car, some by the ingenious and economical Theatre Tours bus-dinner-and-show ($8.80), and even some by the erratic, embattled New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad plus dinner on the diner plus taxi ($12).

Most of these had invested so much time and money in the journey that they came predisposed to applaud famous actors speaking words by Shakespeare in any properly reverential way. And in fairness to the Festival, it must be reported that these people were satisfied to some extent with the opening bill of "Julius Caesar" and "The Tempest." On the other hand, those of us who had hoped for a Festival which would at least show a few signs of working towards an end that would be as distinguished in our way as other countries have been with Shakespeare in theirs came away in bewildered disappointment.

Even before the curtain rises one wonders about the nature of this handsome 1,500-seat theatre. Is it meant to be a magnified summer playhouse, a regal museum, a partial replica of Shakespeare's Globe, or an Army all-purpose assembly hall? When the curtain goes up on the large forty-five-foot wide and thirty-foot high opening there seems a similar heterogeneity about the production. Against cheesy marble columns and steps, reminiscent of an old vaudeville olio, snake-dances a group of Roman citizens dressed as if for a Queen of May pageant. When the Senators enter they are wearing heavy togas that seem to have been made out of someone's old parlor drapes. These contrast vividly with some bright yellow centurion uniforms inspired by Captain Video. Later, when we go to the battlefield, we are treated to soldiers in outfits that suggest the garb of the modern motorcycle hot-rod. And all of this is on a stage so vast that any dramatic intensity evaporates as soon as it is created, and from which exits take much too long.

Under the circumstances the cast may be partially excused for carrying on like a group of living statues. But there is a further ineptness in the two leading actors which makes their performances far less satisfactory than what is found in the average university drama-department production. Raymond Massey's Brutus is not "the noblest Roman of them all," but a dull and smug martyr. And Jack Palance's Cassius is not a highly-strung revolutionist, but a hot-tempered brute. Of course, one cannot ask stars with the reputation of this pair to go to school to acquire the fundamental skills required for classic performance, but if the Festival is dedicated to theatre art, rather than to stimulating box-office with star names, it would be better advised to give the important roles to actors whose technical mastery of voice and speech and movement in costume will free them for the acting part of their work.

Young Christopher Plummer, who plays Antony, is such a performer. Not only does he look and sound the role, but he has had time left over to work on an interpretation of the character. His Antony emerges as a man sincere and passionate in his affection for Julius Caesar, rather than the usual villainous demagogue. As Caesar, Hurd Hatfield portrays a man destroyed because of his desire constantly to be bathed in praise. Fritz Weaver has arbitrarily invented a series of gestures for Casca which, though they don't really add up to anything, are a happy relief from the conventional posturing around him. And Roddy McDowall gives us a mischievous *enfant terrible* as Octavius. In briefer roles Earle Hyman and Peter Donat display a sureness and authority that the entire production could have used a great deal more of. The citizens of Rome are represented by an assortment of volunteers most of whom will not go much further as actors.

DENIS CAREY's direction fights a losing battle all the way. The horror of the murder of Cinna the Poet is lost by playing him as slightly effeminate, and he allows Cassius to snort openly and claw at Antony on two occasions. There is, indeed, almost nothing in this "Julius Caesar" that has the quality of his previous work at the Bristol and London Old Vics.

Mr. Carey's production of "The Tempest" is slightly better only in that there is not as much drama to be missed. The play is a masque and can be played pretty much for externals. However, here again Horace Armistead's scenery looks like something out of Clifton's Cafeteria in Los Angeles, and Robert Fletcher's costumes (some of which were also used in "Julius Caesar") are only occasionally imaginative. A delightful exception is the trailing pink hat he has designed for Ariel.

Raymond Massey gives us a good-hearted Prospero, and Jack Palance dressed in a goon-costume seems at least more in his element as Caliban. Joan Chandler gets an unusual neurotic quality into Miranda which would be more appropriate for Ophelia. Christopher Plummer's Ferdinand adds a welcome edge of humor to the lovesick prince. In the clowning roles of Trinculo and Stefano, Jerry Stiller and Rex Everhart labor at being funny with the former overdoing his mouth-popping antics to liven up proceedings. Perhaps the funniest gag of the show, however, is the moment when Hurd Hatfield playing Gonzalo suggests that they all draw their swords and then himself brandishes a short innocuous knife. Roddy McDowall also has fun as a Puckish Ariel, and fortunately this fun is slightly contagious.

Nevertheless, this production is plagued with the same problems as "Julius Caesar." The Festival apparently cannot afford to stage a first-class masque with all the trimmings; the moments of visual splendor and grace are few and inept.

On the basis of this opening bill it would appear that the American Shakespeare Festival has failed to arrive at the degree of style, discipline, and teamwork that Tyrone Guthrie did in Ontario. The reasons for this can only be guessed at. Probably Denis Carey underestimated his task. Brought to a foreign country to blend a company of actors none of whom he was familiar with, and to coordinate production details not only with equally unfamiliar designers, but also with a host of supervisors and executives each with different ideas of what the Festival should be like, the softspoken Mr. Carey was not in an enviable position. It is to his credit that what appears on this Connecticut stage at least gains the indulgence of a good portion of the audience. If he returns next season he will undoubtedly be able to effect some improvement. But what is needed is the broom of Hercules. —HENRY HEWES.

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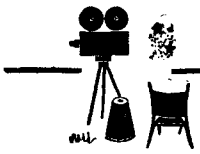

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Terror on the River

"The Night of the Hunter" is a nightmarish exercise in pity and terror that every now and then emerges from its melodramatic mold and goes in for some searching explorations of wayward behavior. That the movie strays from a simple suspense pattern and attempts to engage some honest-to-goodness sympathies from the audience is at once its strength and weakness. There is an easily discernible quality of integrity that is one result. But the chance has been missed to make a movie on the safer level of that minor suspense classic "Night Must Fall," for in "The Night of the Hunter" all the ingredients are there: a backwoods itinerant preacher who kills to get the money to carry on his revivalist work, his evil quest for a hanged murderer's hidden loot, two small children who are hiding the money in obedience to their lost father's instructions, their mother who thinks she'll be doing her best for herself and the children by marrying the preacher. The intricate and garish plot has just about all it needs for a splendid series of chills.

But Davis Grubb, who wrote the book on which the picture has been based, also wanted to say something about the ability of children to cope with the unexpected and the inexplicable, and their dumb, unyielding will to survive. He wanted to contrast the sick mania of the preacher, Harry Powell, with the strong, soil-rooted health of Rachel, who harbored grubby, wandering orphans of the Depression. If the story, dramatically speaking, is weaker and less sustained, it has been made richer by the added humanness. Hollywood, which more often than not will settle for the sensational, here saw it the author's way, and made an almost literal adaptation of the book. The plot line, as a result, seems tenuous, almost novelistic. There is, you might say, something left to brood upon when you leave the theatre.

This is Paul Gregory's first motion-picture production (he's been hitherto identified with unusual stage presentations like "Don Juan in Hell" and "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial") and it's also Charles Laughton's first assignment as a movie director. Perhaps it was simple inexperience that caused them to follow the novel so closely, and not bother to go through that expensive process known as "licking the book." It's as though they decided they liked the story a hell of a lot, and were going to make exactly that story and no other. They seemed also to decide to exercise some taste, to be subtle where it was necessary, to use the camera for mood and atmosphere where this would help achieve the effects they wanted. In every case where an interpretation of character was needed the book was called upon.

This procedure is obviously an unusual one for Hollywood, and while there is change and growth in the film colony, there are still some standard studio practices. The independents have the best chance these days to be different, or bold, or daring. Gregory and Laughton are independents who have the financial backing of United Artists, a firm that gave them a budget close to a million dollars to work with and then proceeded to let them alone. The hope is that "The Night of the Hunter" will catch the fancy of the public, and make the gamble worthwhile.

The one fear is that the picture will be regarded as "arty." It's considered all right to be off-beat nowadays, but being arty is another matter. Actually the movie is reasonably unpretentious. There are some unusual camera angles (but by no means as extreme as those in Elia Kazan's "East of Eden") and some eerie lighting effects—for instance, a scene in which the murdered widow is seen sitting in a flivver at the bottom of the river, her long hair streaming in the current. Frankly, it gave me quite a turn. Then there is the trip the children make down the Ohio River, fleeing from the vengeful preacher. A spider in its lacy web watches them on their journey, a bullfrog rumbles as they drift by in the night.

Lillian Gish—"the good soul."

Laughton himself disclaimed any try at symbolism in these shots. The technical problem was one of making clear that a period of time had elapsed. "It's really a nightmarish sort of Mother Goose tale we were telling," he said. "We tried to surround the children with creatures they might have observed, and that might have seemed part of the dream. It was, in a way, a dream for them."

BUT these fragmentary bits aside, the main scenes are played with convincing realism. Robert Mitchum, as the preacher, has by far his best role to date. His harsh voice, his homely drawl are perfect. The monstrousness of the man he plays is kept in bounds —he is scary, but not too scary. Which is as it should be. The truly evil ones do not reveal themselves at first sight. Harry Powell, after all, was a man who impressed those simple back-country people of the Depression decade. Even today the revivalists do all right. Powell was a false prophet, but the people were looking for prophets. On his right hand was tattooed the word LOVE, and the fingers of his left hand bore the word HATE. The hands fought each other, the fingers intertwining. When he preached about lust and sin the right hand was the winner—but as he wound his way along dusty back roads it was the left hand that dominated.

The dark shadow of Harry Powell gives the picture its force, but it's the two children we're most interested in and who, in the long run, we remember best. It takes a good director to get children to perform convincingly, and Billy Chapin, as John, and Sally Jane Bruce, as Pearl, are about the best I've seen in recent American films. (Children always seem first-rate in British pictures.) As their drab, haunted mother, Shelley Winters is up to the level she achieved in "A Place in the Sun," and Lillian Gish is entirely welcome as Rachel, the good soul who rescues the children. "The Night of the Hunter" is one more in a distinguished line of movies that seem to be coming our way these days with some frequency. The screenplay, by the way, was the work of the late James Agee, who died before he saw the finished version. It's the kind of picture that he, as a critic, might well have approved of. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
New Orleans Jamboree: Paul Barbarin and his New Orleans Jazz Band. Jazztone Society J-1205, $3.98.	A fine example of contemporary New Orleans jazz made early last winter when Barbarin's band (D. Barker, B. Thomas, P. Brunious, W. Humphreys, L. Santiago) was up from New Orleans and at Childs Paramount on Broadway. Barbarin, one of the few genuine New Orleans drummers left (silken press rolls, few cymbals, a heavy, granitic beat) leads his band masterfully through the ten old standards, providing a propulsion that lifts some of the ensembles (which are better than the solos) right into the air.
Paul Barbarin and his New Orleans Jazz. Atlantic 1215, $4.85.	More of the same made at the same time but with the musicians attacking their materials with a touch more gusto. The addition of Milt Hinton, the bassist, might have had something to do with it. Eight standards and one original, by Barbarin.
Holiday in Braff. Bethlehem BCP-1032, $3.85.	Ruby Braff, the young, diminutive trumpeter from Boston, plays his horn with an authority, heart, and stylistic approach reminiscent of the Olympian statements of Armstrong c. 1931-33. One wishes, however, that Braff were a little *less* assured and that his improvisations were more flexible rather than being so close to stately embellishments. He is surrounded here by a ten-piece group (numbering E. Larkins, W. Page, Bob Wilber, and H. Schertzer), which, because of the Goodmanish arrangements of Wilber, never quite allows Braff enough time for getting up more than one flight of stairs. Seven standards and one original.
Kenny Clarke and Ernie Wilkins. Savoy MG 12007, $4.85.	A pleasant, workmanlike date that is notable for the insistent inner swing of its solos and ensembles as well as for an intriguing drum solo by Kenny Clarke based on the rhythms of Charlie Parker's "Now's the Time." Also on hand are Ernie Wilkins, E. Bert, C. Payne, G. Barrow, Hank Jones, and W. Marshall. Ozzie Cadena and Wilkins divided the six originals.
King Cole Trio: Instrumental Classics. Capitol T 592, $3.98.	Twelve reissues of some of the still-crystalline instrumentals made by Nat Cole in the mid-Forties in company with, at various times, Oscar Moore, Irving Ashby, Johnny Miller, and Joe Comfort. The album is a reminder that Cole, who is now famous principally for his creamy vocals, is, or rather was, one of the great jazz pianists.
Jazz at the Metropole. Vol. 1. Bethlehem BCP-21. $4.85.	An on-the-spot recording made recently at the Metropole Cafe on Seventh Avenue in New York that is, at best, a deafening caricature of the music its proponents (Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, C. Shavers, C. Cole, and Eddie Barefield are some) used to make fifteen years ago. The few worthwhile moments are provided by Milt Hinton, who takes a slap-bass solo that would make Wellman Braud's eyes shine with appreciation, and the impressive modern trombone of Frank Rehak. JATP, in comparison, is a thing of beauty.
Jazz West Coast: An Anthology of California Music. Pacific Jazz JWC-500, $3.98.	A collection of fourteen sides taken from the files of Pacific Jazz and issued as documentary accompaniment to William Claxton's recent and excellent book of photographs. Four of the selections are previously unissued, nine are alternate masters of earlier issues, and one is a repeat master. A valuable revelation of what is good (facility, experimentation) and bad (preciousness, intellectualization) in modern West Coast jazz. On hand are, among others, S. Rogers, J. Guiffre, S. Manne, B. Gordon, B. Shank, G. Mulligan, C. Baker, and C. Hamilton.
Happy Minors: Red Mitchell, Bobby Brookmeyer and Zoot Sims. Bethlehem BCP-1033, $3.85.	A pleasant, inconsequential date built around the talents of twenty-seven-year-old bassist Red Mitchell, who plays with a big tone and trenchant ideas that are marred, at times, by rough dynamics and a leaning toward too many long notes. Mitchell is ably accompanied on the five standards and two originals by B. Brookmeyer, Z. Sims, C. Candoli, C. Williamson, and S. Levey.
Sam Most Sextet. Bethlehem BCP-18, $4.85.	Clarinettist-flutist Most in a torpid parlor session that is, if anything, inferior to the recent Vanguard date made with most of the same personnel (M. Flax, B. Galbraith, B. Triglia, O. Pettiford, B. Jones, B. Donaldson, O. Johnson). The ten standards were arranged by Ronnie Woellmer, whose work, astonishingly, is praised in the notes as having "a welcome paucity of funkiness"—in this defunked age of jazz!
Red Norvo and his All Stars. Epic LG 3128, $3.95.	Red Norvo, who is one of the handful of timeless, consummate jazzmen, in a set of twelve reissues made on Columbia and Brunswick between 1933-35, when emotion and lyricism, in jazz at least, were cheap and sweet. The personnels of the four different groups (a trio, quartet, and two octets) include Chu Berry, Berigan, Shaw, Krupa, J. Dorsey, Barnet, Wilson, and B.G. Listen to the trio and quartet, on one of which Goodman plays bass clarinet, where Norvo, who was on marimba and xylophone at the time, the experimenter, was already afoot.
Red Norvo Trio. Fantasy 4-19, $4.85.	Norvo again, but with a recent trio (including Jimmy Raney and Red Mitchell) that is about as fluid and interdependent a group as one can find in jazz today. Some of the rougher fibre in his earlier trios (with Mingus and Farlow) is rolled under by an overly svelte approach. Five standards and three originals.
Jazz & Romantic Places: Dave Pell Octet. Atlantic 1216, $4.85.	The Dave Pell Octet, in its occasional records in the past few years, has grown, through the hands of its principal arrangers West Hensel, J. Handel, and S. Rogers, into an expert instrument for dispensing all that is hollow and glib in West Coast modern jazz. The twelve standards are performed here (with an almost Mickey Mouse brightness) by Pell, B. Gordon, D. Fagerquist, R. Sims, Donn Trenner, T. Rizzi, B. Clark, and Bill Richmond.
Barrelhouse and Blues: Sam Price and His Kaycee Stompers. Jazztone Society J-1207, $3.85.	Sam Price, who is now forty-seven years old, has been playing great blues piano for thirty years. He is hotly abetted here by Jonah Jones, Vic Dickenson, Pete Brown, Milt Hinton, and Cozy Cole, all of whom combine to produce one of those O-lost-and-by-the-wind-grieved sessions that one could find any Sunday afternoon at Jimmy Ryan's in New York in 1941. The title is slightly misleading, as none of the participants is directly in the Kansas City tradition, with the possible exception of the leader.
The Swinging Mr. Rogers: Shorty Rogers and his Giants. Atlantic 1212, $4.85.	An exciting and, in many ways, perfect jazz record that has none of Rogers' recent tendency toward kisses-in-the-breeze jazz, and that is by all odds his best date yet. The group, which has been working together for almost a year—and shows it beautifully in its Swiss-watch interplay—includes Pete Jolly, Curtis Counce, Shelley Manne, and Jimmy Guiffre. All are in superb form, with Jolly, a two-handed, many-noted pianist, especially striking. Six originals and two standards. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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TV AND RADIO

The $64,000 Answer

THEY tell the story of George Jessel's once passing a funeral home where a celebrity lay in state and the crowd waiting to file by for a last glimpse was four-deep.

"You see," said the veteran showman, "you give the people what they want and they'll come."

Television, with most of its programs lying in state these hot months, and enjoying its worst summer slough since somebody invented a way to make a piece of living-room furniture light up, has also discovered something the people want.

Money!

"The $64,000 Question," a program on which a contestant, by correctly answering a few questions, can win $8,000 or $16,000 or $32,000 or $64,000, depending on how far he wants to go, has in one month, heat or no heat, become the top-rated TV program in the nation. Money, it seems, has no season. Its popularity is common east or west of the Rockies. The greed for it is universal north or south of Mason-Dixon-Yates line.

We have come a long way since the days when Phil Baker, his accordion strapped about him, would say to a contestant, "You now have thirty-two dollars, do you want to try the sixty-four-dollar question? You can take it or leave it." And when the contestant took a deep breath and muttered he might as well try for the sixty-four dollars our little radio shook with the bravos of the studio audience mingled with a few ominous you'll-be-sorries. Tensely we leaned forward to hear the contestant's reply to the sixty-four-dollar question.

"You uh—you go on the—I mean you go on the green light—and you stop on the red light."

"Right with Eversharp!" shrieked Mr. Baker. "You now have sixty-four dollars."

The deafening roar that went up when the audience realized the extent of the fortune the contestant had amassed echoed from coast to coast. We could hardly hear the short interview which always followed where the lucky *nouveaux riches* told what universities they were going to endow with the money they had just won.

Well, that was a long time ago—seems like thousands of dollars ago. That little radio program has long since gone by the boards. It wasn't that money went out of style. It was just that sixty-four dollars went out of style. Man cannot live by sixty-four dollars alone, so they began devising programs where the giveaway became hundreds of dollars—and some hardy producers ventured several thousand.

But it remained for Louis G. Cowan, producer of this one, to try to entertain people with sixty-four thousand. The show is already number one, so he's on the right track. Mr. Cowan is also the producer of another show—a wonderful show called "Conversation," on which four or five brilliant people sit around and talk entertainingly on engrossing subjects. "Conversation" will never be the number one show. Because nothing talks like money. Except Groucho, and I'll still take "You Bet Your Life" any time.

However, Mr. Cowan may have done television a great service, especially since it has become a pattern among producers to duplicate successful formulas in other shows. I know one place on TV where the $64,000 formula might have helped a lot. That was the Sunday evening NBC televised a program called "The Geneva Summit Meeting." I was shocked to read that it garnered the lowest rating ever recorded by an hour television show. By carrying forward the $64,000 formula to its highest common denominator the show could have been played something like this:

"All right, Mr. Molotov, you now have Western Germany. Do you want to try for Northern Italy?"

And so on to the big question: "And now, Mr. Molotov, do you want to try for Texas?"

I have a trick question for that one. Ask him to name five famous inventors who were not Russian. If he names them and he takes Texas where is he going to take it? Not back home.

To add insult to ignominy, the Geneva Summit Meeting program was outrated twenty to one by its competition that night on the ABC network—"Disneyland." And "Disneyland" is not even a member of the United Nations. But it's a young country. In the years to come when Disneyland is torn by strife and separated into Eastern Disneyland and Western Disneyland and the problem on the program becomes the unification of Disneyland will it still be as popular? That is a moot $64,000,000,000 question.

—Goodman Ace.

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Ideas

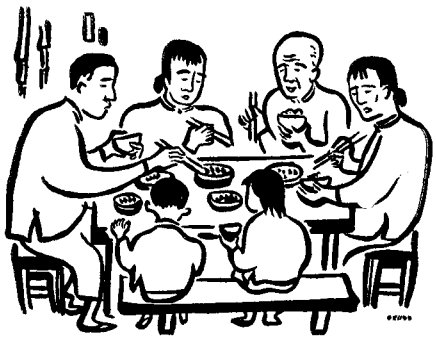
Continued from page 10

government is in its formative operations.

However, these matters are secondary to Dr. Lin, perhaps carrying no more import than his conviction that we may commit further world-harrowing follies but will not quite wipe ourselves out. Given this, his interest reverts to what always has preoccupied him, the question of how men can most wisely live their lives, in 1955 or 2004.

A young geodetic surveyor and her fiancé land their plane on an unknown island off the coast of Chile. Its inhabitants are friendly but will not let them leave and Paul is killed resisting destruction of his plane. Barbara is rechristened Eurydice and becomes reconciled to stay.

The island, Thainos, has been colonized by a band of Greeks and Italians, under the leadership of the philosopher Laos, and the now deceased shipping millionaire Athanapoulos. Laos detests the word "Utopia," but he and his followers have rejected the world and live on different premises: not idealism, but a stark recognition of the realities of human na'ure.



This is not supposed to be a retreat from progress and technology, but merely a moratorium, a suspension to permit evaluation of the situation. Laos "was not against material progress as such, he was against having too much of it, to the detriment of man himself." In the outer, industrialized world, "human nature isn't whole any more. Something is lacking. His orginal and full nature is cramped, dessicated, dehydrated, and badly creased in the corners."

Dr. Lin's blueprint for living is a mildly pagan neo-Hellenism. Response to the novel is going to hinge upon one's taste for this brand of humanism. It is orthodox non-orthodoxy. While the book is interesting, and generally valid in specific jibes at

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE WITCHING HOUR

Midnight or thereabouts has always been a favored moment in the eyes of novelists, poets, and even writers of the Scriptures. Here are ten instances in proof. Kindly identify the sources, both author and title. If, of the twenty pieces of information required, you get no more than twelve, set the clock back one hour; if from thirteen through sixteen, turn off the alarm; if from seventeen up, sleep an hour longer tomorrow. Answers on page 32.

1. "I was born (as I have been informed and believe) on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night."
2. "At midnight, in his guarded tent,
   The Turk was dreaming of the hour
   When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
   Would tremble at his power."
3. "Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes."
4. "I prophesy that I shall die tonight,
   A quarter before twelve."
5. "It was twelve by the village clock
   When he crossed the bridge into Medford town."
6. "When the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country."
7. ". . . midnight brought on the dusky hour
   Friendliest to sleep and silence."
8. "It was after midnight, though not much. He could tell that, even apart from the wind, the taste and smell and feel of wind even here behind the closed and locked doors and shutters."
9. "The stars of midnight shall be dear
   To her; and she shall lean her ear
   In many a secret place."
10. "In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson."

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our mores, I'm afraid it fails ultimately in terms of its own devices. It seems to me to be awkwardly wrought.

Notes

MALTHUS'S FALLACIES: In an English novel entitled "The Outcast," published in 1875 by Winwood Reade, the protagonist, a sensitive young man, begins to show symptoms of melancholia after reading "An Essay on the Principle of Population," by Thomas Robert Malthus. After reading "The Origin of Species," by Charles Darwin, the symptoms change to clear insanity. From that time on at least the young man dressed in somber black maintained that he was in mourning for mankind, and kept his Malthus and his Darwin on his night table bound in covers on which were printed for the former "The Book of Doubt" and for the latter "The Book of Despair."

If Mr. Reade's young man, by some prestidigitation, had been able to talk to Harold A. Boner, the author of **"Hungry Generations"** (King's Crown Press, New York, $3.75), he would quickly have been relieved of his doubts. Mr. Boner would have told him, as he does his readers, that the Malthusian theory was ineptly reasoned and full of fallacies. Mr. Boner does more than this. He traces the rise and fall of Malthusianism in England in the nineteenth century and concludes that literary men like Coleridge, Southey, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, and Shelley, to mention only the most outstanding, were much more perceptive in their response to and rebuttal of Malthus than were the political economists and other professed students of social problems. He has a fascinating chapter in the history of ideas here and a significant contribution to our knowledge of nineteenth-century thought.

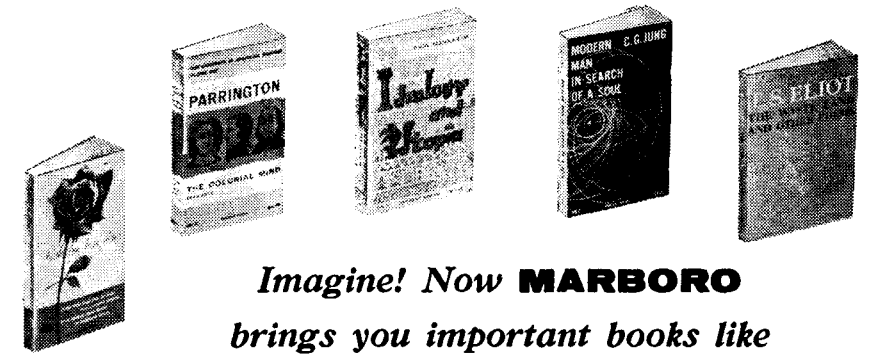
—ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

CIRCULATING IDEAS: Mass communications is currently one of those fashionable "interdisciplinary" fields which enlists the interest of social psychologists, sociologists, political scientists, and journalists. Its problems have been summarized in the following awkward question: "Who says what to whom through what medium for what purpose under what circumstances and with what effects?" This question—or rather series of questions—is treated in **"The Process and Effects of Mass Communications"** (University of Illinois Press, $6) from a number of different points of view and by various writers under the general editorship of Wilbur Schramm, until recently director of the Institute for Communications Research at the University of Illinois.

Dr. Schramm has exercised the office of editor with considerable skill, selecting for inclusion here some of the classic papers in the field, among whose authors we may note the names of Berelson, Lazarsfeld, Herzog, Doob, the Hartleys, the Rileys, Cantril, Blumer, Merton, Lasswell, Selznick, Speier, and Schramm himself. He has arranged them under such headings as the process of communication, attention, the effect of different channels, getting the meaning understood, modifying attitudes and opinions, effects in terms of groups, and special problems in international communications, concluding with a one-hundred-title bibliography

The book has two specific defects—one, that none of the papers is new (some indeed are fairly old), and two, that all of them have been printed, and some even reprinted, in other places. It is convenient nevertheless to have them in one place and the resulting volume can serve a useful purpose as a reader in the field.

—R. B.



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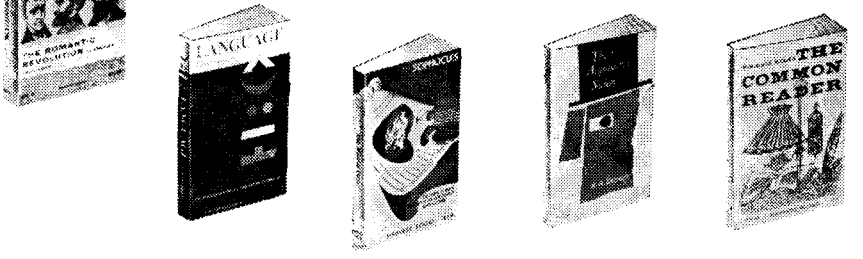

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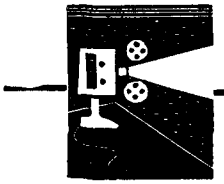

IDEAS ON FILM

Campus Cinematics

WHEN the University Film Producers Association first met in August 1947 it was little more than a gleam in the eyes of a few people who foresaw a great future for campus film-making. (Chief among them was the late Ken Edwards, then non-theatrical advisor for the Eastman Kodak Company. He believed that if the college and university film-makers could be brought together and helped in starting their own organization it would mean the beginning of a "new look" in campus productions.) Next week UFPA is holding its ninth annual conference—a full week of talks, demonstrations, discussions, and film screenings. About half of its membership (over 200) is expected to be on hand at the University of Colorado in Boulder to participate in the formal program and the informalities.

Film-making units on university and college campuses are generally one of two kinds: either integrated with courses in film production, as is the case at UCLA and USC; or a separate function unrelated to curriculum, as is true at Penn State or Columbia. In the latter case film production is usually carried on under the Extension Division, within or without an audio-visual bureau. There are several instances of film production within the orbit of a university press—at Columbia and at Yale. Just to make matters confusing for an outsider, many campuses (including Yale) have more than one production agency.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES, Educational Film Sales Dept., Los Angeles 24, Calif. One of the nation's pioneering schools in motion-picture production and instruction, UCLA students and faculty have recently produced such diverse items as "Shakespeare's Theater: The Globe Playhouse" (18 min.), a Master's degree project using models to show how, in all likelihood, the stage was used in Shakespeare's day; "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (27 min.), illustrating a reading of the entire Coleridge poem with Doré drawings; "Building Children's Personalities with Creative Dance" (30 min., color or b&w), a revealing record of expressive dance techniques with very young children; "Role-Playing in Guidance" (14 min.), a clear demonstration of this new psychological technique in school situations; "The Foreman Discovers Motion Study" (16 min., color or b&w), another demonstration—this one of time-saving procedures in simple manufacturing; "Surf Safety—Riptides" (10 min., color or b&w), a useful teaching film of the what, why, and how variety; and "The Color of Man" (10 min., color), an extremely interesting visualization of the melanin theory of skin color differences in human beings—blending animation and live photography, music, narration, and color into a distinctly original cinematic style.

UCLA has also had as students the year's most talked-of non-professional film-makers—Denis and Terry Sanders, brothers and creators (for Master's thesis) of "A Time Out of War," which has won attention and commendations in the Venice and Edinburgh Film Festivals (see SR, Oct. 16, 1954), this year's top prize in the Screen Producers Guild competition, and the coveted Academy Award as best two-reel short of the year. It is to be distributed in theatres by Universal Pictures.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, Department of Cinema, 3518 University Ave., Los Angeles 7, Calif. Among recent USC productions are two important contributions to public understanding of handicapped children and their proper education and care: "Let Me See" (20 min., color), on nursery schooling for blind children, and winner of last year's Screen Producers Guild award; "Out of the Shadows" (20 min.), one of the few existing films on children with cerebral palsy. USC has also recorded on film a series of talks by such personalities as Jesse L. Lasky, Harriet Parsons, and Jerry Wald, on various aspects of theatrical film production. It houses the world's largest collection of film publications and books, and has gradually built up a cinema department noted not only for its teaching of production methods but for its scholarly approach to film theory and history.

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, Audio-Visual Education Service, Wesbrook Hall, Minneapolis, Minn. Second place in this year's Screen Producers Guild awards was given to Minnesota's "One Victory" (10 min., color), a touching little story about a young patient in the University's Variety Club Heart Hospital. Back in 1948 the University produced a film called "Report on Donald" (20 min.), about a stuttering college freshman and the speech clinic services offered him at the university. Seven years later it is still a fresh and impelling film.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Center for Mass Communication, 1125 Amsterdam Ave., New York 25, N.Y. In a current series of low-budget animation films for discussion, produced cooperatively with the Anti-Defamation League, Columbia's Center for Mass Communication has made two hits in its first three tries: "Rumor" (8 min.), a powerful recapitulation of the episodes which set off the Detroit riot of 1943, and "Can We Immunize Against Prejudice?" (7 min.), aimed at the parent who sincerely wants to avoid racial and religious prejudices in his child and seeks an effective way of preventing them. Both films require that the projector be stopped for discussion, and a "trailer" ending run when the talk is finished—a device that seems to work well for television panel shows, but is somewhat over-organized for informal non-theatrical use.

CMC also distributes the outstanding V.D. film "Feeling All Right," and George Stoney's masterwork on rural midwifery, "All My Babies." It has recently announced the release of Mr. Stoney's latest film, entitled "The Invader" (37 min.), produced for the Georgia Department of Health by CMC. A detailed history of syphilis and its cure, directed to school and college audiences, the film is an outstanding example of educational purpose and artistic sensitivity rolled into one.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, Film Library, 26 Washington Place, New York 3, N.Y. While it has had little to do with production for the past fifteen years (since the completion of an outstanding series of economics films for the Sloan Foundation), NYU has maintained a 16mm rental library of commendable high quality, stressing emotional health and international affairs. NYU also distributes the Vassar College Department of Child Study films, of which the latest is the 35-minute "Four and Five Year Olds in School." An observation of the activities of youngsters, it is the second in a series entitled "A Long Time to Grow"—and winner of a Certificate of Merit in this year's Golden Reel Festival. Other recent NYU acquisitions of note are the case-study records "Maternal Deprivation in Young Children" (30 min.) and "A Two-Year-Old Goes to the Hospital" (30 min.)—both restricted to professional audiences.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY, Audio-Visual Aids Library, State College, Penna. Another important specialized film collection is maintained at Penn State, covering all that is available on film in the area of psychology, psychiatry, and mental health. While many colleges and universities have large film collections for campus and general circulation, only NYU, Penn State (through its Psychological Cinema Register), and New York's City College (with its business and salesmanship films) have yet seen the advantages and necessity of setting up specialized libraries. (A fourth step in this direction has recently been announced by Syracuse University in its planned film archive of America's technological and cultural history—and one could wish for other projects which would specialize in such particular subjects as music, dance, engineering, and the like).

Penn State has also a film production staff, trying with apparent results to practise the art of film-making. Thus, in its "Portrait of a County" (20 min., color) there is interesting camera work, composition, and editing, as well as a theme and a message. In its 1955 Centennial film, a deep respect for history, public education, and film-making is conveyed in an original and difficult undertaking. Compared with smoother stereotyped productions which catalogue the glories of the old *alma mater*, this film is to be commended for its daring despite its faults.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY, Audio-Visual Center, Collendale Ave., Syracuse 10, N.Y. An outstanding study of settlement-house work, sincere and impressive, has recently been released by the University. Entitled "Neighborhood Story" (20 min.), the film was photographed by an outside group, but edited and completed at the University. On its own it has made "Susan's Wonderful Day" (20 min., color), showing with some sympathy the overall program of the Clarke School for the Deaf in Northampton, Mass.

CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK, Film Institute, Amsterdam Avenue at 137th St., New York, N.Y. Largest of the Eastern film production schools, CCNY has completed "Step by Step" (20 min.), an interesting study of street gangs and the work of an advanced sociology class in learning how these gangs can be converted to constructive activities. Like Syracuse University's "Neighborhood Story," it is a direct approach to every-day social problems which confront every urban community. "Step by Step" is one of the few university productions that has been taken for commercial 16mm distribution, in this instance by the International Film Bureau, 57 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, Bureau of Visual Instruction, 1312 W. Johnson St., Madison 6, Wisconsin. The Photographic Laboratory on the Wisconsin campus recently produced "The Wisconsin Cleft Palate Story" (36 min., color), a thorough study of the remedial work done in that state for these handicapped children. The film won this year's Golden Reel award in the Education category. Elsewhere on the Wisconsin campus a number of well-made local-interest films have been made: "The Milwaukee Way," "*Mastitis Can Be Controlled*," and "Cancer Quest" (the last-named a 28-minute color film on research at the McArdle Memorial Laboratory).

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, Audio-Visual Education Center, Ann Arbor, Michigan. A centennial commemoration film entitled "The Locks of Sault Ste. Marie" (30 min., color) is an excellent random example of the competent work now being done by university film-makers. The film reviews the history of the locks between Lakes Superior and Huron, gives a simple explanation of how the present locks operate, and takes a ship-captain's view of a trip through them. The University has also turned out instructional films such as "The Story of Maple Syrup" (10 min., color), and "Old Spain on the Caribbean" (10 min., color), a film about Trinidad de Cuba, which does seem a long way from home.

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA, Educational Materials Services, Norman, Oklahoma. A unique project here is the filming of the folkways of the Plains Indians: "Old Chief's Dance" (10 min.), "War Dance" (13 min.), and a third film on Indian sign language. An instructional film entitled "Art—Dry Paper Modeling" (18 min., color or b&w) is the University's contribution to the how-to-do-it rage. "Mental Hospital" (20 min.) shows the working of a state institution, with honesty and care; it is distributed nationally by the International Film Bureau, see above.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY, Audio-Visual Center, Bloomington, Indiana. Classroom films for lower and high school are being turned out in considerable number by many universities, among which Indiana University is a leader. Several series have been, or are being, produced—"Craftsmanship in Clay" and "Square Dancing," for example—films of small scope, competently done. Other subjects include natural science ("Characteristics of Plants and Animals") and archeology ("Learning About the Past").

From Indiana University's huge Audio-Visual Center, it has been announced, distribution will be made, for 16mm use, of programs originally devised for the Educational Television and Radio Center. Details of the titles and terms of availability have not yet been given out.

—CECILE STARR.

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Krebiozen

Continued from page 17

rovic had secretly inoculated on an Argentinian ranch, and Kositerin, a drug which Dr. Durovic had extracted from cattle under somewhat similar circumstances but which had nothing whatsoever to do with cancer and was intended only for the treatment of hypertension. It is also his thesis that the Durovics are completely dedicated scientists who have no thought of profit for themselves, who innocently placed their valuable drug in oil capsules to store it (though this action unhappily prevented their being able to analyze it chemically—an analysis always demanded by the American Medical Association before it approves any new drug). It is also his thesis that the Durovics and their colleague, Dr. Ivy, have been conspired against by the AMA, even to the extent of that organization's forcing its member doctors who, according to Mr. Bailey, found beneficial results in their use of Krebiozen into retracting these case histories for fear of losing their standing in the country's most powerful medical association. And to prove his point Mr. Bailey offers case history after case history of patients whose tumors were reduced and who for some time regained their health after they had been treated with Krebiozen.

The argument of Dr. Stoddard's book is exactly the opposite. In it Dr. Stoddard claims that the AMA disapproved the drug strictly for the reason that its tests had proved unsuccessful. He characterizes the Durovics as untrustworthy foreigners and he even intimates that no such drug as Krebiozen exists. According to Dr. Stoddard, Krebiozen and Kositerin are one and the same drug, and he makes much of the fact that the Durovics were not able to analyze their drug chemically, that they and Dr. Ivy went ahead with tests on human beings instead of animals without first getting the approval of the AMA, and that, as has been confirmed, the investigation of the Illinois State legislature failed to prove that there was any conspiracy on the part of AMA or anybody else against Krebiozen.

Against these assertions, however, backers of Krebiozen have held up their most important exhibit: the highly respected Dr. Ivy. The fact that Dr. Ivy has sacrificed his job (and his position, for he was also forced to resign from the Chicago Medical Society because of his dedication to Krebiozen) is, say the Krebiozen backers, reason enough to give Krebiozen a chance. According to Mr. Bailey, the backers do not claim that Krebiozen is a cure; they simply believe that it *seems* to be beneficial in the treatment of cancer and that with more experimentation it *might* prove to be the basis of a cure. To bolster this argument they cited the historic facts that many past great scientists, including Madame Curie, suffered public ridicule before their discoveries were proved to be valuable. They also have let it be known privately that many important Americans, including an ambassador from the U. S. to a European country, have shown enough faith in Krebiozen to use their influence for obtaining its treatments for friends who are suffering from cancer.

YET, despite these presumably influential friends of Krebiozen, the backers of the drug have had to admit that they have been unable to obtain any public help for their discovery. When "K," the first of the two recent books, was published last spring a press conference was held to launch the book. Nobody came. The publishers did manage to get a *New York Daily News* reporter to interview Dr. Ivy later, but the story never appeared. Even the normal book reviews were few and far between and after accepting one paid advertisement for the book even *The New York Times* refused to accept another one from its publishers.

The pro-Krebiozen forces, however, are not the only ones to suffer what they have inferred is censorship. These past few months, prior to the publication of Dr. Stoddard's book, the Durovic brothers and Dr. Ivy themselves, representing the Krebiozen Research Foundation, brought suit against the Beacon Press of Boston in an effort to prevent *its* publication, apparently believing Dr. Stoddard's book to be a libelous attack on Krebiozen. Then, in what is believed to be the first such order of its kind in publishing history, the Massachusetts Superior Court issued a restraining order which temporarily prohibited the book from going to press. Last month, however, the restraining order was lifted by the court on the grounds that the court had no power to prevent the Beacon Press from publishing the book. As a result the pro-Krebiozen and the anti-Krebiozen books are both this week available for the first time so that the public can make up its own mind about the great medical mystery of the twentieth century.

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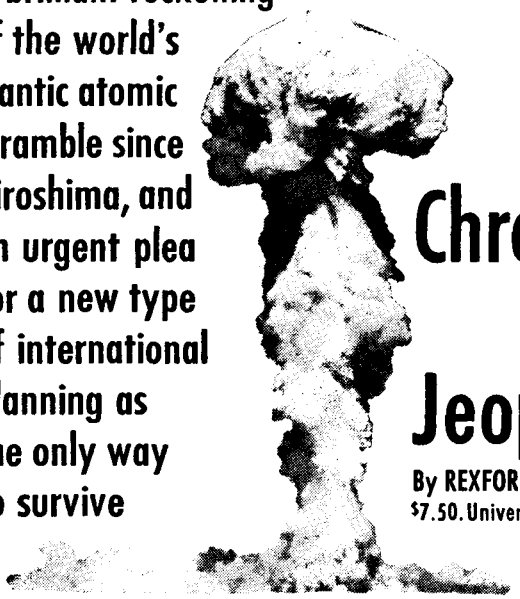

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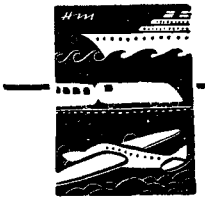

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Winter in Peru

Lima's cathedral—"a cross between Colonial Spanish elegance and Indian color."

LIMA.

IT NEVER pours in Lima, but it rains—a fine almost invisible spray that is too light to call a drizzle, too precipitous to call humidity. No one, save perhaps the English consul, would be caught dead with an umbrella, and raincoats are only for peregrinating Yankees. Indeed, Limeños are fond of saying that it *never* rains here in the capital. The good gray weather sets in at the merest suggestion of Peruvian autumn, and never clears until the spring. As one citizen, talking of the ever-present overcast, explained to me the other day, "One morning towards the end of April you wake up and it's there, so you just wait until it's October to see the sun. It never rains, but yet the pavements are wet. The precipitation takes place at ground level. Our humidity is 98 per cent—worse than London."

Although the Peruvian summer is, I am assured, a true delight—after all, it is just a tram-car's ride to the Pacific beaches—the Peruvian winter will prove a delight to anyone only lately off the sizzling cement of the North. Having lived the life of a pizza in the ovens of New York these past blistering weeks, it was, believe me, a real treat to be transported during the time of a good night's sleep to a land where flannels feel good and a glowing coal-fire burns pleasantly in the hearth of the local hotel.

This transition for the overheated in summer and the underheated in winter will be accomplished twice a week each Monday and Thursday, by Panagra, flying from Miami to Lima in nine and one-half hours. The high-speed, 5,000-mile flight will continue on to Chile, making Santiago in fifteen hours from the tip of Florida. As soon as the details of an interchange agreement are worked out with National Airlines, the service will originate and terminate in New York. At any rate, the equipment will be Panagra's new DC-7Bs, an airplane decked out with an ice-blue interior carrying fifty-eight passengers, fifteen berths, four washrooms, and a lounge at a cruising speed of 365 mph.

No matter the season, Lima—and, I suspect, all of Peru—is a cross between Colonial Spanish elegance and Indian color. The beginnings are in the cathedral on the Plaza de Armas, an historic edifice wrecked many times by earthquakes—five times during the rumblings of the seventeenth century and most recently in the quakes of 1940. The original cornerstone was laid by Pizarro on the eighteenth of January 1535. I shall not tire you with dimensions, but suffice it to say it is, despite the interferences of the periodically unsettled Peruvian earth, a gigantic structure decorated over the altar with a marble madonna given by Charles V of Spain in the sixteenth century. In a chapel near the entrance rest the mummified remains of Don Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. His bones and skull, bleached a shade of rust, repose in a glass tomb. Beside them is a glass bottle holding his entrails and a metal tube containing papers supporting the claim that these bones are indeed Pizarro's.

LIMA is filled with relics of the Colonial era. The Inquisition, which began in Spain in 1229, reached Peru in 1570 and wasn't abolished until 1813. The hall where the Inquisition trials were held still stands. The tiles at the window, the intricately-carved ceiling doubtless gazed at in supplication by some wretched, tortured citizen, are original. The witness-boxes, the inquisitors' table covered with green baize are re-creations. The adjoining jailhouse has become a firehouse. In a nearby chamber cut into the parquet floor of what is now part of a public library is a trapdoor used by priests to mystify the congregation. They would appear at Inquisition trials and suddenly show up at the cathedral, five blocks away, without ever having been seen *en route* along the streets. The trapdoor led to an underground passage that connected the Inquisition hall with the church.

Lima began on the right bank of the Rimac in the jaded, seedy area known now as Bajo el Puente. The Acho Bull ring, built in 1767, oldest *corrida* arena in the New World, is there, enlarged now to seat 17,000 and embossed with blandishments to pause, refresh, revitalize with the Cola twins, Pepsi and Coca. A local competitor, yellow in color, travels under the historic label of Inca Kola. One wonders if the Inca gods are frowning.

The era that brought the first bull-ring to the Western Hemisphere also delivered a new Spanish governor to Peru, the Viceroy Manuel Amat y Juniet. Much to the disgust and the outrage of the Spanish Colonial nobility, the Viceroy took unto himself as mistress a half-breed actress named Micaela Villegas. Micaela became known popularly, as she is today, as La Perricholi, a pet name which the Viceroy is reputed to have bestowed upon her in a moment of extreme pique. It is to say "bitch-of-a-low-caste-coastal-Indian." The final "i," an habitual appendage of the Catalans, was added by the Viceroy, a Catalan.

La Perricholi had a horse and carriage, just like the great social ladies.

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The social ladies strolled in Los Descalzos, Barefoot Park, built in 1610 and decorated with statues brought from Europe. As they strolled they could glance idly across the street to the fine house which the Viceroy built for La Perricholi. She needed to stroll in no public park. The Viceroy built her a private promenade, a sort of pocket-sized Versailles, as a Limeño put it the other day, terminating in a series of aqueduct-like arches that Versailles never had.

On weekends the Viceroy and La Perricholi dallied in a gem of Colonial architecture known as La Quinta Presa. It still exists, as does her promenade and her town house, and its original gardens still bloom with brilliant orange arbors of *luvia de oro:* literally, golden rain. From a raised, louvered pavillion lecherous old Amat watched the erstwhile actress bathe in her outdoor pool. Now the house, still with its original furniture, sits on the grounds of a republican police barracks. A pet anteater cavorts on the lawn outside. An added accoutrement from post-Perricholi days is a mammoth marble bathtub supported by carved marble fish which one General La Puerta had transported with him during the civil campaigns of the late nineteenth century.

Peru clings with tenacity to many of its Colonial ways. The other day in the Bajo el Puente district of La Perricholi, of the Viceroys, and of old Peru I attended a *criollo* luncheon in the garden of a finca. A charcoal fire glowed red, grilling *anticuchos,* which are chunks of beef heart skewered on green bamboo slivers. There was *escaveche,* marinated chicken with onion and yellow peppers; fried sweet potatoes and bits of bacon; a seasoning called *aji* which strikes like lightning, corn on the cob served in slices; *relleño de sangre,* bits of sausage prepared from blood bought in the abattoir; tamales of corn stuffed with pork. To wash it down there were pitchers of *chicha,* which is a liquor of fermented corn that goes down like a glass full of needles.

A group of musicians came down from Cuzco, the old capital of the Incas, wearing *chullos,* the brilliant wool caps with dangling ear flaps, wool ponchos, and bright sandals over white wool socks to keep off the winter chill. They strummed a pair of mandolins, blew on two *quenas,* which are flutes of a sort, and strummed a strange harp which was fitted over a wooden hull tapered on one end. The harpist plucked it with the short end on his shoulder. From the sugar plantations of the Peruvian coast a Negro *conjunto* played, too, keeping the tropical beat by pounding on the sides of a loose crate. Local citizens, suit-

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ably nourished by *chicha*, danced the *marinera*, a national dance that requires male and female to flirt and cavort about each other waving handkerchiefs at a fearsome clip.

Things are a good deal more sophisticated downtown in modern Lima, where social ladies of a later era gather in the grand lobby of the Bolivar Hotel each afternoon at five for tea. Cocktails begin at seven, the most popular libation being the *pisco* sour, *pisco* being a form of white lightning made of colorless grape brandy. The grill of the Bolivar, a lamp-lit, carpeted salon in the cellar, was throbbing on the night I visited it with the Latin hog-calls of Miguelito Valdes, who gave the world the exhortation known as "Ba-ba-lu." I would also recommend the simple elegance of the Club 91, which offers a magnificent view of Lima that reminds one of the Tour d'Argent in Paris and the Top of the Mark in San Francisco. The cuisine is Italian, but it fails to match the view or the gentle, flower-and-music-filled ambiance.

For those who would transport back home tangible evidences of life in old Peru there is, first off, fine silverwork hammered into a variety of articles and designs—pillboxes, bracelets, key rings, salad serving sets, matchboxes, cigarette cases, and long ice-tea spoons that are really straws. I would urge you to shop along the narrow street known as the Union, with the proviso that there are eminently handsome things to buy at the airport shops (look on the second floor), but you must be willing to pay higher prices than you will find in town. Besides the rich Peruvian earth, the furry beasts of the highlands have contributed too, and shops along the Union display slippers that are big fur blobs of llama, not to mention rugs of llama and alpaca which are cut and sewn into designs showing llamas and alpacas as well as jugs, burros, and abstract designs. You ought to be able to get a rug big enough to blanket the average armory for under $40. Although it is against the law to peddle vicuna, the rug dealers usually have a set of skins stowed away in a back room somewhere smuggled over the border from some neighboring republic. The fur is as gentle as down, warm as an electric blanket, and potential buyers are urged to buy them as bed coverings to insure protection from the cold and bitter days once April has arrived and winter is waiting, gray and rainy, in the wings. —HORACE SUTTON.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first of a series of articles on South America by Horace Sutton, who is now traveling south of the Equator.*

80,000 Hungry Mouths

Continued from page 8

average a daily intake of food per person of 2,250 calories or more is required for good health and efficiency. The United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization in 1946 made an appraisal of malnutrition throughout the world. Calculations based on populations before the Second World War show (1) that in areas containing over half the world's population food supplies were sufficient to furnish an average of less than 2,250 calories per person per day; (2) that food supplies furnishing an average of more than 2,750 calories per person per day were available in areas containing somewhat less than one-third of the world's population; and (3) that the remaining areas, containing about one-sixth of the world's population, had food supplies that were between the high and low level.

On the basis of the view that a caloric intake of less than 2,250 calories per day per person is substandard for human health and efficiency, it may be said that in 1946 more than half the people of the world were undernourished. The FAO report goes on to say:

> The high-calorie areas include most of the Western world, all of North America, and much of Europe. Oceania and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics also belong to this group, but it includes only three countries in South America. The medium-calorie areas include most of Southern Europe, three countries in Asia, a part of the Middle East, a part of Africa, and a part of South America. The low-calorie areas include most of Asia, a part of the Middle East, all of Central America, and probably parts of South America and of Africa.

The Second World Food Survey (1952) says that, "while there are substantial changes in the figures for a few individual countries, the broad picture presented by the earlier statistics [1946] remains unchanged" and that "recovery in food production from the low levels after the war [Second World War] has barely kept pace with the increase in population in the Far East and Near East." The report states: "It is evident that the calorie supplies are short of requirements in all regions excepting Europe, America, and Oceania."

DURING the generation just passed an event occurred which marks a turning point in human history. This was the closing of the frontier.

The author's father, as a young man, homesteaded in northern Oklahoma shortly before 1900. He and others of his generation were able to stake claims and obtain virgin land merely by payment of filing costs. His grandson, who is now about the age that he was when he staked the claim in Oklahoma, has no such opportunity anywhere in the world.

The total land area of the world is approximately 35.7 billion acres. About half this is rendered unusable by severe cold and excessive dryness, and a goodly fraction of the remaining half is not under cultivation because of rugged terrain, thin or sterile soils, excessive rainfall, or the presence of cities or roads. Two-and-one-half to 3 billion acres are actually cultivated. There are 1.6 acres of cropland for each person in the world. This amount is insufficient to provide a satisfactory level of nutrition.

We therefore see two important processes going along together—expanding populations and decreasing resources.

To illustrate, we may consider the kinds of problems that face the largest and perhaps the most prosperous city in the world—at least, one that draws heavily upon the resources of the entire world. The New York City Planning Department, looking ahead seven years, in 1953 released a report saying that in 1960 the city will have 390,000 more residents but 76,000 fewer workers. The Department estimated that the population will increase to 8,280,000, while the labor force will drop from 3,534,000 in 1950 to 3,458,000 ten years later. It estimated that the number of persons sixty-five years old and over will increase 50 per cent and that children under fourteen years of age will increase 20 per cent. Thus, it is expected that a smaller working force will be supporting a larger number of older people and children and that the average income of wage earners will have to increase 44 per cent by 1960 if living standards in New York are to avoid deterioration.

HEALTH as defined in the preamble to the constitution of the World Health Organization of the United Nations "is a state of complete physical, social, and mental well-being and not the mere absence of disease or infirmity." This meaning of the term is now generally recognized.

Highest community and national strength—not to mention health—does not necessarily involve maximum attainable populations. It is

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obvious to everyone that too few people constitutes a weakness, but the fact that too many people may also be a weakness is not as fully appreciated. Shortages of resources and unemployment lead to poverty and national weakness, military as well as economic. Management of population must be regarded as an essential part of health programs; limiting of births is a necessary counterpart to the saving of lives.

AS WE struggle to visualize what might be desirable numbers of people in a region in relation to resources we may gain some understanding considering the operation of a "balanced" aquarium—a small aquarium containing plant and animal life in a ratio such that no feeding is necessary. When the right balance is obtained the plants, using energy from the sun, create and give off materials usable by the animals (usually small fish) as food, and the animals in turn give off in their excrement certain materials needed by the plants as food. When the quantitative relationships between the plants and animals are right this cycle of growth goes forward almost indefinitely without food from other sources. If, however, too many fish are placed in the aquarium the plants will not furnish enough food. Then the fish in time will suffer hardships, and some will die. The materials formed by the plants and used by the animals, in this case, are analogous to the renewable resources used by man in his regional or world "aquarium"—the agricultural products which comprise his food. The human system, although far more complex, partly because of man's own ingenuity, involves the same principles.

In the United States great stress has been laid on public health and medical-care programs. Here, as well as in other Western countries, the saving of life has been in phase with opportunity. People have been needed to develop the resources, to move the frontier outward, and to expand business. During the period of expansion well-being of communities was measured to a considerable extent in terms of population growth.

With the need for United States assistance abroad after the Second World War America health leaders, in keeping with their training, background, and experience, came forward quickly with the view that a great service could be done for humanity through global control of disease. They pointed out that American health technicians had the experience and know-how, that they had successfully conquered infectious diseases in the United States, and that there was reason for believing the same could be done on a world scale. They stressed that elimination of disease had been good in the United States and should also be good for the entire world. They pointed out the man-hours and the lives that would be saved for agriculture, industry, and other pursuits important for the general economy. Calling attention to the need for food in different parts of the world, they expressed the view that health programs would help in obtaining it through making people better able to perform their tasks. Their arguments were based in part on the idea that manpower had made America strong and that greater manpower in other parts of the world might be expected to do the same.

When they were asked how public-health programs could be justified for overcrowded areas it became necessary for them to reexamine basic principles. Population pressure and general food shortages had not been problems in the United States. Faced with the necessity of reconciling public health with overcrowding, health leaders were obliged to re-evaluate their entire philosophy.

Examination of the newer situation brought immediately a realization that saving life, without opportunity for those saved to live with some degree of satisfaction represented no social gain. It also became plain that withholding of health assistance, when means were available for providing it, represented a conflict with the general concept of human progress and advancement. Attitudes in Western Europe on the value of life in general run parallel to those in the United States. With respect to the Far East, however, there appear to be differences. In the Orient one sees less concern for life as such.

As we look forward to the era of population concentration in America and the prospect that the West may in time catch up with the East in overcrowding it is important to consider the qualities of prevailing concepts which characterize the thinking of people in the East and in the West. The United States, recently emerging from pioneer status, is steeped in a tradition of "bigger and better," "larger numbers," and "more often." Included as part of this philosophy is belief in the virtues of challenge, competition, vision, foresight, imagination, and complete individual expression. These are characteristics of people in pioneer territory, where resources are plentiful and new opportunities are everywhere at hand. It is in pioneer territory that the system of free enterprise fits most naturally.

In the Orient, where poverty and suffering have long existed, there is a greater fatalism. Instead of stimulus from challenge, there is a resignation to fate; and instead of the attempt to rise from one social level to another, there is willingness to persevere. Instead of development of self-reliance and self-expression, there is self-abnegation—a suppression of the ego-centered desires and a demonstration of ability to endure. The latter to many Orientals are virtues that pave the way to a better status in the next reincarnation. It may be said that these attitudes represent adaptation to overcrowding. In this sense the East can be regarded as more advanced than the West.

MAN has the ability to perceive and to understand the forces which govern his existence, and he has the ability to guide the course of his destiny. He must utilize these abilities increasingly if successful adaptations are to be made. With his unprecedented attainment in numbers and with his mastery over the forces of nature, including his ability to use power destructively as well as constructively, he faces problems which cannot be resolved favorably by laissez-faire approaches. The period ahead will be an age of decision—an age when choices will be made between intelligent management and acceptance of the free play of natural forces.

Practices for retarding population growth have consisted mainly of infanticide and feticide, and to some extent of contraception. Such practices have been used, condoned, or encouraged by individuals or group leaders as means of eliminating excessive and unwanted individuals, including unwanted *unborn*. We may add to this list of practices the wilful fostering of sex taboos which mitigate against the likelihood of conception; the sacrificing of the sick, aged, and deformed because of the burdens they impose upon the rest of society; the passive acceptance of catastrophe and war when preventive or protective measures might have been taken; legal postponement of marriage,

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thereby discouraging and retarding family development; inheritance laws which delay and discourage marriage; and polyandry (multiple husbands) combined with sacrifice of female infants. Perhaps the most extreme example of flagrant and wanton destruction of "surplus" human beings is genocide, in which those in power simply order extermination of groups not in a position to protect themselves. Following as a close second is aggressive warfare—wholesale destruction of neighboring peoples and the taking of properties as spoils of war.

War and killing are often condoned as a means of defending properties and privileges which groups or individuals regard as rightfully their own. In such instances *have* groups or countries isolate themselves from *have-not* covetous aggressors, fighting or killing only when attacked or invaded. Isolationist groups may even assume an air of righteous indignation, stating that it is against humanitarian principles to attack others. All too often, however, this exalted position is associated with an abundance of rich resources in the homeland.

There appears to have been no form of social organization invented that prevents the tensions that lead to the stupidities of war. They flourished under tribalism, feudalism, monarchy, democracy, plutocracy, and both mass and individual dictatorships; their causes constitute social complexes which may never be twice the same. It is often difficult to isolate with certainty and assurance the causal conditions of any one war, but it can be concluded that spreading poverty and overcrowding are among the most important. As Pearl Buck has said: "One of the chief causes for increase in despotic theories of government is overpopulation." Where food and income are adequate the problem of government is simple and general strife uncalled for. It is mainly when sustenance is short that despotic measures take root.

IT IS possible to visualize at least four types of populations: the maximum obtainable, the natural, the stable, and the optimal. Few if any cultural groups anywhere in the world have reproduced or are reproducing at maximum capacity. Larger populations are possible, theoretically, but would they be desirable? It is possible that some individuals or groups, because of vested interests, would wish to have certain factions multiply more rapidly; there might also be some who would ask for larger populations generally in order that consumer potential would become greater; but the interest in such cases would be partisan interest rather than interest for the common good. Since poverty and degradation are spreading throughout the world despite phenomenal increases of food and other production, it is doubtful that any who have the common interest in mind would advocate maximum obtainable populations.

Natural populations are those which occur as a consequence of the free play of natural forces, rather than the free play of natural forces plus influences exerted by the wilful acts of man. Most plant and animal populations grow in this way—that is, without any conscious selection, stimulation, or suppression (domesticated animals and crop plants constitute important exceptions). Some plant and animal populations have lived through cycles of youth, active life, and old age, eventually disappearing entirely. Others, being more suitably adapted to their environments, have survived through long periods—centuries or ages.

The human species, constituting a world population, if left to follow a natural or unguided course might also be expected to live through a cycle of youth, active life, and old age leading toward some kind of reduction or extinction. Certainly it can be said that the human population is now in a phase of active life, growing faster than ever before, despite restraints. Further, it can be said on the basis of living space alone that the present rate of growth cannot continue indefinitely.

Stable populations, for the most part, are hypothetical. Few populations exist for long with birth and death rates—and also emigration and immigration rates—remaining entirely equal. A question which rises naturally in relation to stable populations is whether the standard of living will inevitably be low or, under some conditions, be high. It is important to know whether human populations as they pass from more active to less active growth will maintain a higher standard of living or will invariably exist at poverty standards. If the populations of countries in Western Europe can be regarded as having made such a transition and their behavior regarded as typical then it would seem that such transitions could be made while the populations concerned maintain a fairly high standard of living. Of interest, however, is the fact that certain populations in Southern Asia and elsewhere have developed low standards while population increase is still going forward.

An optional population would be one which could live well within the limits of resources available. Two types of optimum have been visualized: the *economic* and the *welfare*.

The economic-optimum population would be one moving in a direction permitting the maximum output (or the maximum income) per capita. According to this concept increase in population growth would be regarded as desirable so long as the average income per person is increasing. Correspondingly, overcrowding would be said to be occurring when the average income is dropping. The economic-optimum approach is dynamic in that it gears population to productivity, which is variable, rather than to a particular level fixed arbitarily. Remember, however, that a change from an agricultural to an industrial economy in countries with limited natural resources is difficult in many ways.

The welfare-optimum idea would be similar to the economic optimum but would involve additional features. Attention would be given to general well-being of the people as well as to their productivity and income. Although there exists a close relationship between productivity and well-being, it does not follow necessarily that an optimal population level in each case would be the same. For example, in a country which exports most of its products the average output per person could be high while the available food or housing might be inadequate.

IT IS unique in the history of living things that any species should have acquired the ability to determine the course of its destiny either in terms of quality or quantity. Being directly concerned as members of the human species and having such ability in our

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Tennyson was always acting the poet, and incurred my adolescent scorn on that account. He used to stalk about the countryside in a flowing Italian cloak, very emphatically not seeing the people he happened to meet, and displaying poetic abstraction.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "David Copperfield" (Dickens). 2. "Marco Bozzaris" (Fitz-Greene Hallack). 3. "Twelfth Night" (Shakespeare). 4. "St. Simeon Stylites" (Tennyson). 5. "Paul Revere's Ride" (Longfellow). 6. Acts XXVII, 27 (St. Luke). 7. "Paradise Lost" (Milton). 8. "The Wild Palms" (William Faulkner). 9. "Three Years She Grew" (Wordsworth). 10. "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" (Washington Irving).

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hands, it is important how we use this ability. Even more important are the attitudes we take and the responsibilities we assume, since they determine in large measure the action we take.

SOME *principle of limitation* must provide a universal rallying point. People everywhere favor family welfare, for instance. We know of no code of ethics, no creed, or dogma which stipulate that parents should have more children than they feel can be cared for responsibly. No religious or any other group, so far as we know, ever advocated that childbearing should continue to the point of degrading hardships in the family. Surely all will agree that it is the unwanted child—not necessarily the poor child—who is to be pitied. In the smallest of social units, then—the family—may be the key to the picture.

But unless exceptional changes take place, the following may be expected. For those countries where both fertility and mortality are low (particularly countries of Western Europe), growth will be slow. For those where mortality is low and birth rates declining (United States, Canada, the European population of South Africa, Australia, New Zealand), growth will continue to decline. For those where birth rates are high and death rates declining (most of Asia, most of South America, the indigenous population of Africa), growth for the most part will remain high for some time to come.

According to these views population growth during the next few years and decades will be higher in those regions where the greatest concentration of people already exists and where poverty is widely prevalent. Also, growth during the same period will continue to become slower or to remain slow in regions where industrialization is occurring more rapidly.

Recognizing as we do that hungry peoples will not starve peacefully, we see rising beneath existent East-West tensions newer, more powerful, and more pervasive tensions. It would appear that two contests are going along together: one, the armaments race to ensure political position; and the other, the commodities race to ensure that agricultural and industrial productivity will not be outstripped by population needs. The contests in some respects are related. Many are saying that our ability to coexist with A-bombs and H-bombs will be adequately tested in the ten years immediately ahead. In the same way it can also be said that our ability to coexist peacefully with large populations will have been tested and demonstrated by the end of the present century.

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(Continued on page 34)

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FILMS

(Continued from page 33)

CARL DREYER'S masterpiece, "VAMPYRE," known in this country as "Castles of Doom" and in England as "The Strange Story of Edward Grey." One of many unusual films available to Film Clubs from Film Classic Exchange, 1611 North LaBrea Ave., Hollywood 28, Calif.

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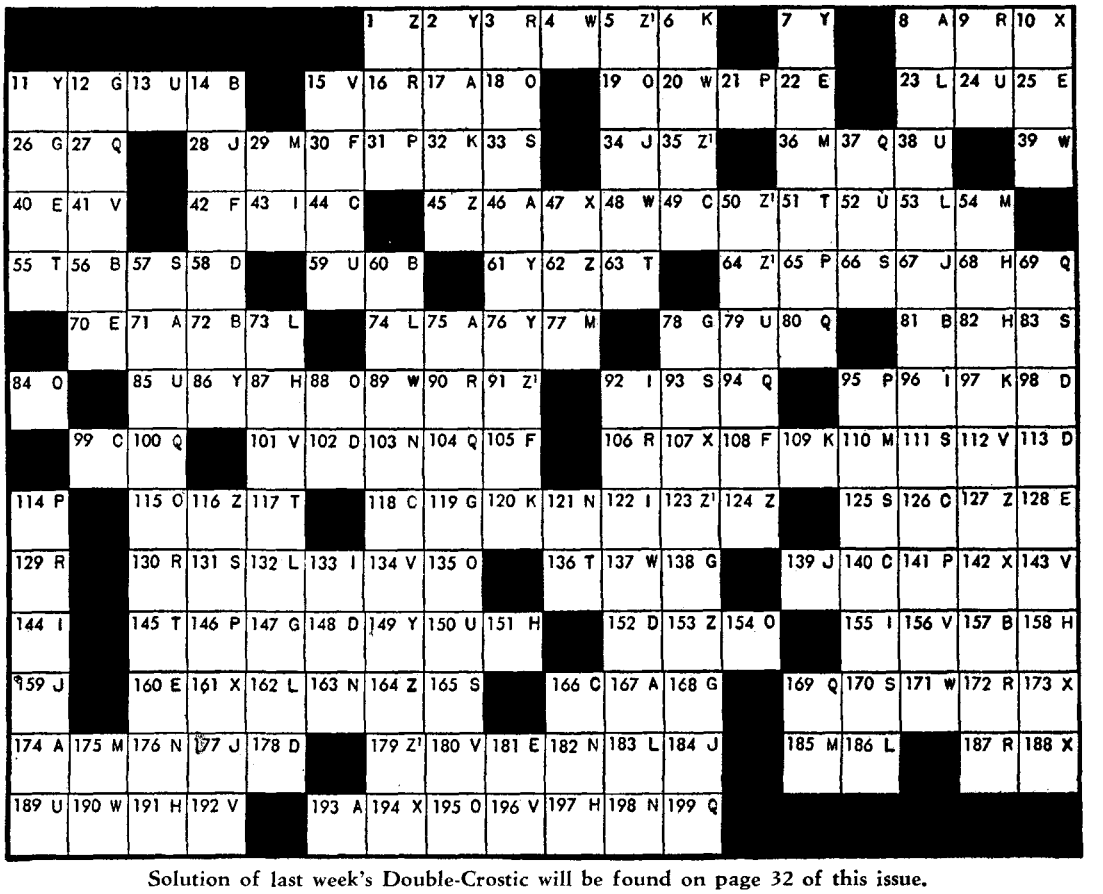
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Community of SW Africa, esp. of Herero origin.	17 193 75 71 8 46 174 167
B. Geometrical figure "longer as it is wider."	157 81 72 56 60 14
C. Storeroom for liquors.	99 49 118 166 44 126 140
D. Blockhead (colloq.; not in Webster).	58 148 98 102 113 152 178
E. English artist, esp. illustrator of children's classics (1867-1939).	160 25 70 40 22 181 128
F. A cavalla, as *Caranx hippos*.	42 30 105 108
G. Recovered a proper condition.	26 12 147 119 78 168 138
H. Endure (something unpleasant).	87 158 151 68 191 197 82
I. Mineral pitch.	96 144 122 43 92 155 133
J. The bluebacked salmon.	184 177 67 28 34 159 139
K. German physicist, 19th cent., who declared a method of finding velocity of sound in gases.	109 120 97 6 32
L. Of smaller size than expected; said of a person, shotgun, etc. (comp.).	23 162 74 53 73 183 132 186
M. Position of least possible advancement of the batter who makes a hit (2 wds.).	185 77 110 175 29 54 36
N. Austrian physician of 200 years ago; developed "theory of animal magnetism."	121 198 176 182 103 163
O. Thin side first; barely.	18 154 88 195 19 115 135 84
P. In biology, aggregates of cells (four classes: epithelial, connective, etc.).	21 146 31 95 65 141 114
Q. Expression of an idea by two nouns joined by "and," for a modified noun.	37 80 69 94 104 169 199 100 27
R. Specifying a trapezoid, two edges parallel, other two not parallel but of equal length.	16 129 3 130 106 90 9 172 187
S. Convenience for winding yarn, often carved and scrimshawed by whalers (2 wds.).	93 111 66 125 83 57 131 165 170 33
T. A mechanical device; spring clip attached to end of a punty (glass mfg.).	55 136 117 145 63 51
U. Formerly defining a warship large enough to have a regular place in a battle fleet (3 wds.).	52 189 24 79 150 85 59 13 38
V. Butterfly of *Argynnis* or allied genera.	15 196 192 101 156 180 134 143 112 41
W. Overcome completely.	171 190 137 48 4 20 39 89
X. Aida's father in the opera.	188 194 107 142 10 47 173 161
Y. Public hospital with specialized service such as Molokai, Carville, etc.	149 86 11 7 2 76 61
Z. Melodrama's "Let me Go, Lover" (2 wds.).	127 153 62 1 116 124 45 164
Z¹. Conclusions, often interchangeable in music, etc.	123 35 91 50 5 179 64

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 32 of this issue.

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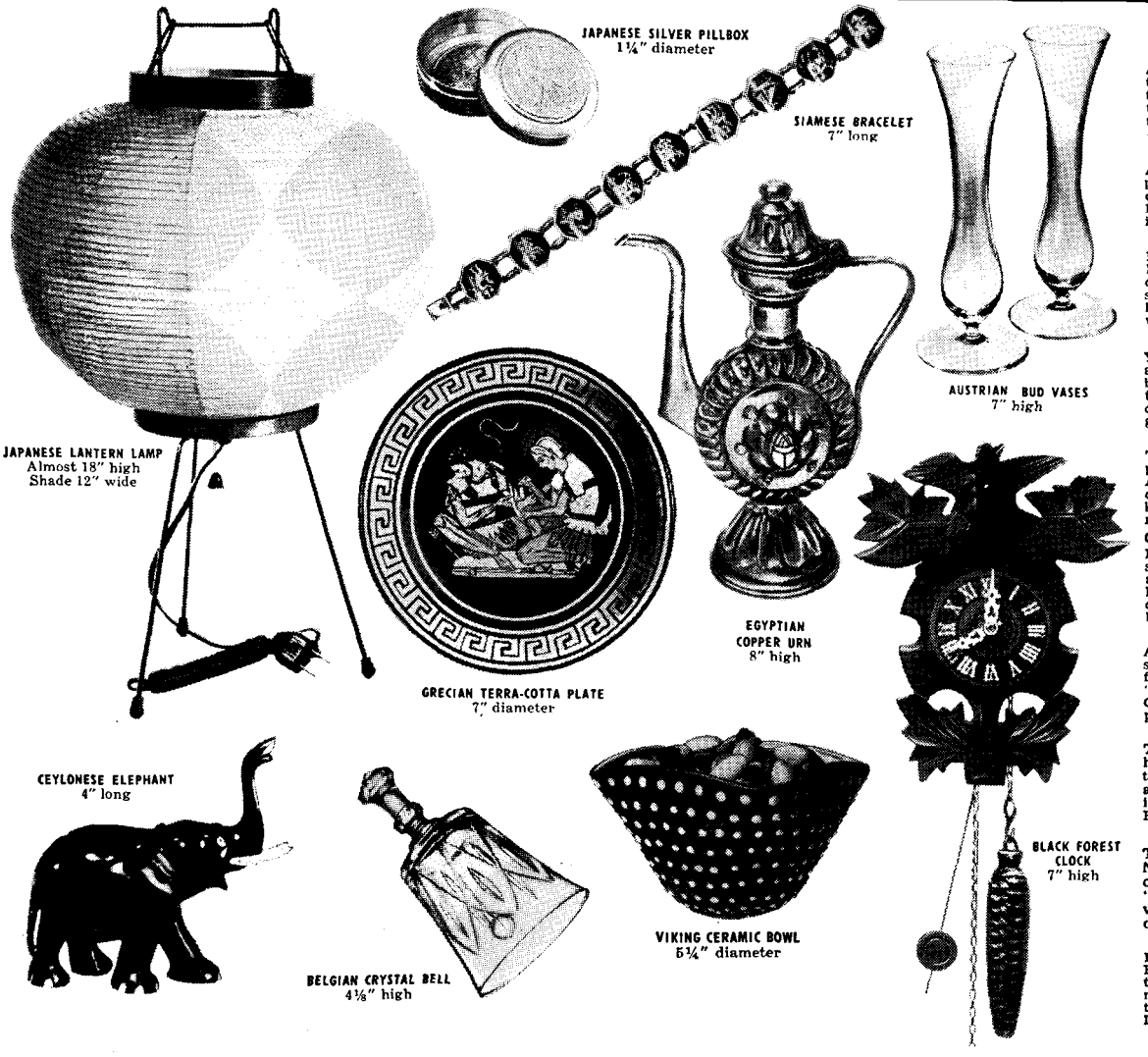

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